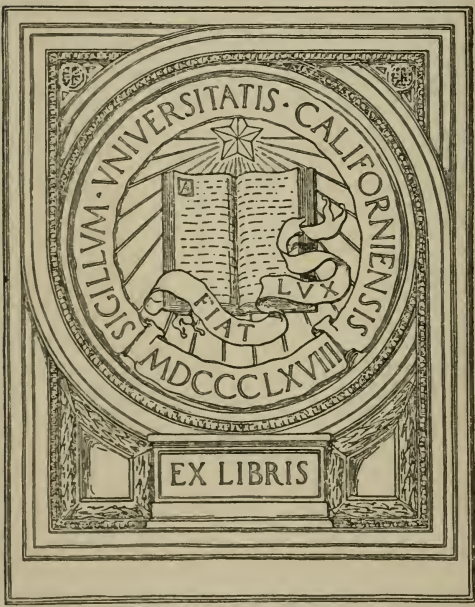
ornia
al

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



D. Allan Del.

Sir William Wallace.

ved by D. Lizars from an Original Drawing in the Poſſeſſion of the

YE

ACTIS AND DEIDIS

OF YE

ILLUSTER

AND

VAILZEAND CAMPIOUN,

SHYR WILHAM WALLACE,

KNYCHT OFF ELRISLE.

JESU SALUATOR EX JUS. MIHI EXPONERE
AD FINEM DIGNUM PREDICT. LIBRUM ATQUE BENIGNUM.

PERTH:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1790.

THE

METRICAL HISTORY

OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE,

KNIGHT OF ELLERSLIE,

BY

HENRY,

COMMONLY CALLED

BLIND HARRY:

CAREFULLY TRANSCRIBED FROM THE M. S. COPY

OF THAT WORK, IN THE

ADVOCATES' LIBRARY,

UNDER THE EYE OF THE

EARL OF BUCHAN.

AND NOW PRINTED FOR THE FIRST TIME,

ACCORDING TO THE ANCIENT AND TRUE ORTHOGRAPHY.

WITH NOTES AND DISSERTATIONS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

" A! Fredome is a nobill thing!
" Fredome maks a man to have lykinge,
" Fredome all solace to men gives,
" He lives at eſe that freely lives!

BARBOUR'S BRUS.

PERTH:

PRINTED BY R. MORISON JUNIOR,

FOR R. MORISON AND SON, BOOKSELLERS; PERTH.

M,DCC,XC.

PR
1989
H6 a
1790
v.1

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

DAVID STEWART

EARL OF BUCHAN, LORD AUCHTERHOUSE, CARDROSS, &c.

FOUNDER AND FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES AT EDINBURGH, AND ONE OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE LITERARY AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY AT PERTH.

My Lord,

WE are happy in being permitted to Dedicate our Edition of Henry's Life of Wallace to Your Lordſhip. Your exertions in promoting Literature, and Public Spirit, claim the Gratitude of every well-wiſher to his Country.

We acknowledge our obligations for the countenance Your Lordſhip has all along given us in our plan of publiſhing the Scotish Poets:

Particularly, for the trouble Your Lordſhip has taken, in procuring for us a Copy of the va-

a luable

241987

luable Manuſcript of Henry's Life of Wallace, in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh; in comparing the Copy with the Original; in ſuggeſting to us Directions concerning its Publication; and in favouring us with a Portrait of Wallace, which we have cauſed to be engraved, and prefixed to our preſent Edition of his Life.

We have the honour to be,

With Gratitude and Reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervants,

Perth, September 1, 1790.

The Publiſhers.

CONTENTS

OF DISSERTATIONS, &c.

IN THIS WORK.

I. DEDICATION to the Earl of Buchan.
II. Advertiſement by the Publiſhers.
III. An Account of Henry, commonly called Blind Harry, author of the hiſtorical Poem of the Life of Sir William Wallace.
IV. Of the hiſtorical Relations aſcribed to Arnold Blair.
V. Of the M. S. Copy of Henry's Poem in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh.
VI. Of Henry's Chronology.
VII. Remarkable perſons of the Scotiſh Party.
VIII. Of the Bodily Strength aſcribed to Wallace.
IX. A Gloſſary.
X. Names of Subſcribers.

For the account given of Henry, and for the other Diſſertations and Notes, the Publiſhers are obliged to the ſame Gentleman who formerly favoured them with the Life of Gavin Douglas. The originals are depoſited with the Literary and Antiquarian Society at Perth.

HAVING come under a promiſe to give their preſent Edition of Hemy's Life of Sir William Wallace, in an exact conformity to the Manuſcript Copy in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, they could not admit the Sections of the Books into Chapters, which have hitherto taken place in the printed copies; nor follow any other diviſion of the Poem into Books, than is found in that Manuſcript.

They are obliged to Mr Pinkerton for the Arguments which they have prefixed to the Books, and have only taken the liberty of altering the orthography of ſome of his words, with a view to make the Poem as intelligible as poſſible to an Engliſh Reader.

He alſo pointed out how the diviſion of the Poem into Books might be altered to the better. They think themſelves bound to give to the Public, the following Plan of the alteration he propoſes.

Book firſt, to contain what are now the firſt two Books.
Book ſecond, to begin B. 3. Verſe 1.
Book third, to begin, B. 4. V. 699. "To Elcho Park."

Book fourth, to begin, B. 7. V. 515.
Book fifth, to begin, B. 7. V. 1.
Book sixth, to begin, B. 7. V. 515. "When Wallace' men."
Book seventh, to begin, B. 8. V. 207. "The brim battle."
Book eighth, to begin, B. 8. V. 1180. "The merry day."
Book ninth, to begin, B. 9. V. 426. "There thirty days."
Book tenth, to begin, B. 9. V. 1372. "Wallace himself."
Book eleventh, to begin, B. 10. V. 1.
Book twelfth, to begin, B. 11. V. 1.

ERRATA

In the following account of Henry.

Page 13. L. 26. 574. *r.* 579.
15. L. 25. Nation is enslaved. *r.* nation again is enslaved.
17. L. 26. 807. *r.* 893.
20. L. 3. Non Liber. *r.* Liber Non.

AN ACCOUNT

OF

H E N R Y,

COMMONLY CALLED

BLIND HARRY,

AUTHOR OF THE HISTORICAL POEM OF THE LIFE OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

IT may ſeem to ſome perſons unneceſſary to take any trouble in giving an account of this author. His work has been condemned by writers of reſpectable character. They have repreſented it as an attempt to impoſe upon the world a fictitious relation, inſtead of a true hiſtory.

Others, who peruſed his work with pleaſure in their early years, when they were apt to believe every thing, ſhew remains of their former attachment, and are diſpoſed to conſider any diſparaging expreſſion concerning him as a kind of treaſon committed againſt their country.

No book has been more popular in any country, than Henry's Life of Wallace was in Scotland for ſome hundred years. It was read by perſons of high rank, who were taught to admire the valour of Wallace. It was thought a fit book to be put into the hands of the

common people : Some now living can remember how the ſtories it contains were fondly received, and frequently rehearſed by the vulgar.

The Hero, whom Henry celebrates, is univerſally allowed to have been a brave Patriot : without his vigorous exertions, the effects of which did not ceaſe with his death, his country, in all probability, would irrecoverably have fallen under the power of the Edwards. And there is no doubt that Henry's Book contributed in no ſmall degree, in after times, to maintain among the Scots a Spirit of Independence.

Since the two Kingdoms have been united, the animoſities which ſubſiſted between them, and which were detrimental to both, it is to be hoped have for ever ſubſided. Engliſhmen can now blame their firſt Edward for abuſing the confidence placed in him by a people, who for near a century had been peaceable neighbours, and were ſtill willing to live with him in the moſt perfect amity. They can beſtow generous praiſe on the man who felt for the diſtreſſes of his country, and ſet himſelf, with an unconquerable ſpirit, to accompliſh its deliverance. Impartial juſtice may now be done to Henry ; and his work, in its native dreſs, can be reckoned valuable on this, if on no other account, that it affords a curious relic of Scotiſh Antiquity.

The early literary efforts of a people attract attention, and become reſpectable in proportion to the character which the people afterwards bear. And it would be unjuſt to contemn an ancient author, merely becauſe he

he did not write the the more poliſhed language of an after age.

No ſurname is known which belonged to Henry. In Charters written later than his time, ſome perſons are mentioned without ſurnames, being diſtinguiſhed only by their Patronymicks, or the chriſtian names of their fathers. (1).

It does not certainly appear whether he was deſcended of honourable, or of Plebeian parents. They rather ſeem to have been above the vulgar. He diſcovers ſome knowledge in Aſtronomy, in Claſſical Hiſtory, in the Latin and French languages, and in Divinity. His education therefore may be ſaid to have been liberal, correſponding to the times: and if we may judge from a paſſage in his book, in which he appears to boaſt of his celibacy, he may be ſuppoſed to have entered, in a degree conſiſtent with his blindneſs, into one or other of the Religious Orders.

The date of his book, and conſequently the age in which he lived may be exactly aſcertained. "In the time of my infancy," ſays Major, "Henry who was blind from his birth, compoſed a Book conſiſting entirely of the Atchievements of William Wallace." (2).

Major was born at North Berwick in Eaſt Lothian, in 1446. (3). It was therefore about the year 1446, that Henry wrote, or made public his entire Hiſtory of Wallace.

Dempſter, who wrote in the beginning of the laſt century, ſays, that "Henry lived in 1361." (4).

It

It is indeed not impoſſible that he might be born in or about that year. In the time of Major's infancy, he might be about eighty-three years of age. In that caſe, it may be ſuppoſed to have been the work of his old age to collect, and put in order the detached pieces of his Hiſtory of Wallace, which he had probably compoſed in thoſe parts of the country where the incidents were ſaid to have happened.

What Major farther ſays of him, and of his performance, is as follows. "The particulars which he heard related by the Vulgar, he wrote in the vulgar verſe, in which he excelled. But I do not believe every thing that I find in ſuch writings. By reciting his hiſtories before princes or great men, he gained his food and raiment, of [illegible]h he was worthy." (5).

Thus we learn from Major, that Henry was a kind of travelling Bard. His excurſions muſt have been confined chiefly to the middle, and to the ſouth parts of Scotland, where the language in which he recited was underſtood. But it does not neceſſarily follow that he had no other profeſſional character, or that he practiſed muſic.

He was no doubt a frequent viſiter in the Scotiſh Court, and would be a welcome gueſt in thoſe families who wiſhed to hear of the deeds of their anceſtors: and if he was one of the Religious Mendicants, the entertainment he received would not be reckoned diſgraceful to him.

It was at leaſt fifty-ſix years after the death of Wallace, who was put to death in 1305, that Henry was born.

born. But it was not too late for his acquiring, if he had pleaſed, the certain knowledge of many things concerning him by tradition, which he might put into his Book. The actions of Wallace, which had made a deep impreſſion on the minds of the people of Scotland, muſt have been well remembered in Henry's time, and in their moſt material circumſtances would be faithfully related.

He ſeems to have conſulted with the chief men of the Kingdom, eſpecially with the deſcendents of thoſe Patriotic perſons who had been the companions of Wallace. Among the reſt, he conſulted with Wallace of Craigie, and with Liddell of that Ilk, which we learn from what he ſays in the end of his hiſtory, where he confeſſes that these two gentlemen had perſuaded him to omit in his narration a circumſtance which he ought to have mentioned.

But he diſclaims his having wholly depended for information on any unwritten tradition whatever, and alſo his having been promiſed any reward for what he wrote. If his words can be credited, he followed very ſtrictly a Book of great authority, and to which he makes frequent references. This was no other than a complete Hiſtory of Wallace, written in Latin, partly by Mr John Blair, and partly by Mr Thomas Gray, who had been the companions of Wallace.

He gives the following account of theſe authors. "They became acquainted with Wallace in his ſixteenth year, when Mr John Blair was his fellow ſtudent in the ſchool at Dundee. Their acquaintance with

with him continued till his twenty-ninth year, that is, till the year of his death.

" Mr John Blair went from the ſchools in Scotland to Paris, where he ſtudied ſome time, and received Prieſt's Orders. He returned to Scotland, in 1296, and ſoon after entered into the ſervice of Wallace, who was bravely aſſerting the liberties of his country.

" Mr Thomas Gray, who was Parſon of Libertoun, joined Wallace at the ſame time.

" They were men of great wiſdom and integrity. They were zealous for the freedom of Scotland; and were preſent with Wallace, and aſſiſting to him in moſt of his military enterpriſes. They were alſo his ſpiritual counſellors, and adminiſtered to him Godly comfort.

" The Hiſtory written by theſe two Clergymen, was atteſted by William Sinclair Biſhop of Dunkeld, who had himſelf ſeen many of Wallace's actions. The Biſhop, if he had lived longer, was to have ſent their Book to Rome, for the purpoſe of its receiving the ſanction of the Pope's Authority."

A lover of hiſtory will regret the loſs of a Book, from which ſo much authentic information might have been expected. A lover of Scotiſh antiquity in particular, would not heſitate to venerate the memory of Henry, if there were any ſatisfactory evidence of his having faithfully given what was written by theſe authors.

Dempſter ſpeaks of Henry in a more favourable manner than what Major does. " Henry," ſays he, " who was blind from his birth, was a man of a ſingular

gular happy genius: He was indeed another Homer. He did great honour to the language of his native country, and raiſed it above what was common to it in his age. He wrote in the Vernacular Verſe, an elaborate and grand work, in ten Books, of the deeds of William Wallace." (6).

Dempſter ſhould have ſaid "eleven," or "twelve," not "ten" Books. He wrote in a foreign country, and perhaps had not a printed copy of Henry's work by him, when he compoſed his Eulogium.

Henry, as Homer is ſaid to have done, recited his Verſes, which were of a patriotic kind, to the people among whom he travelled. In any other reſpect, it muſt be owned, it was rather ridiculous to ſay that he was another Homer.

He was blind from his birth, which Homer was not, who is ſuppoſed to have become blind in the latter part of his life, chiefly from the meaning of his name, which name can admit of other interpretations.

A man who has been born blind, and wiſhes to arrive at a high degree of poetical excellence, has inſurmountable obſtacles to contend with. He is neceſſarily ſecluded from many ſources of intelligence, which would give variety to his ideas, and accuracy to his deſcriptions. He is incapable of having his genius roufed by a view of the Works of Nature, and of obſerving them, as a Poet delights to do, in their viſible effects and correſpondencies.

This natural diſadvantage, which Henry laboured under, fully appears in his Poem. It has rendered the deſcriptive

deſcriptive parts eſpecially much inferior to what his genius otherwiſe could have attained.

Some ſpecimens may be ſelected for an illuſtration. The changes which are made, in the courſe of the ſeveral months of the year, on the operations and face of nature, are common topics of Poetical deſcription.

Henry, ſpeaking of the month of March, calls it "the month of right digeſtion." Taking his deſcription from the fermentation in the earth then begun. B. 6. V. 2.

"In April," he ſays, "the ground is able." Has obtained a productive power. "By the working of Nature, the fields are again clothed, and the woods acquire their worthy weed of Green." B. 6. V. 9.

"May," he ſays, "brings along with it great celeſtial gladneſs. The heavenly hues," by which he might mean either the vibrations of light, or the various colours of the flowers, "appear upon the tender green." B. 9. V. 4.

The admiring expreſſion, "the heavenly hues," came with great propriety from a blind man, who had been taught to conſider the paintings of nature as ſources of heavenly pleaſure.

He deſcribes "the morning" by "Zephyrus beginning his courſe, and raiſing the ſweet vapour from the ground. The clear rede," or inſtructive leſſon for men to awake, "is heard from among the rocks, where the birds chearfully ſing through the green branches." B. 8. V. 1197.

In

In theſe repreſentations he is cautious, but his conceptions are not diverſified.

" Nymphæus," or the deity of ſome river, " builds his bower, with oil and balm fulfilled, of ſweet odour." B. 6. V. 12.

A bower filled with, or compoſed of oil and balm, cannot eaſily be conceived. Another perſon, who had enjoyed the faculty of ſight, would have expreſſed himſelf more clearly. In the ſenſe of Henry, the margin of a river may be called its odoriferous bower, where there are trees which diſtil unctuous juice, and which are interſperſed with fragrant ſhrubs and luxuriant flowers.

Diſcouraged by his natural blindneſs, he ſeldom makes uſe of ſimilies. Lengthened compariſons he might indeed have found inconſiſtent with the ardour with which he purſued his relation.

In his ſeventh Book, he alludes to two kindred appearances in nature. Deſcribing the combatants on the ſtreets of Glaſgow, he ſays, what may be thus underſtood, " The duſt, ſtrongly agitated, roſe above them like ſmoke; or like miſt which, through the rays of the ſun, aſcendeth to the clouds."

" Ye ſtrang ſtour raiſs, as reik, upon them faſt,
Or myſt, throch ſone, up to ye clouds paſt."

B. 7. V. 574.

Few miraculous interpoſitions, with which Epic Poets delight to aggrandize their ſubjects, are introduced by him. His hero is pious, and like other devout perſons, who are conſcious of their being enga-

ged in a juſt cauſe, depends, in the exerciſe of prayer, on the wiſdom and equity of the divine providence.

But in the ſecond Book, Thomas Lermont, commonly called the Rymer, who lived in the days of Wallace, and was the celebrated Prophet among the Scots, is brought in giving proofs of his ſupernatural knowledge. B. 2. V. 298.

In the fifth Book, the ghoſt of Fawdon, a ſullen and dark minded man who had joined Wallace, and whom Wallace on a ſudden provocation had recently ſlain, makes its appearance on a very appoſite occaſion, and in circumſtances ſufficiently terrific. B. 5. V. 190.

A prophetical dream of Wallace, in which St Andrew, the patron Saint of Scotland, predicts to him, under various emblems, his future fortune, is related in the ſeventh Book. B. 7. V. 71.

And in the laſt Book, we find the ſtory of the Monks of Burie Abbey in England, who related that one of them, a few days before Wallace's death, having recovered from a trance, informed the reſt, that the ſoul of Wallace, without ſuffering the pains of purgatory, was to paſs into heaven as a reward of his patriotiſm; as a ſign of which the bells of the Abbey were to ring of their own accord on the day in which he was to die. B. 11. V. 1253.

There is nothing therefore in the "Machinery" of Henry's Poem, but what would be reckoned at the time highly credible by the people to whom he wrote.

The hero of the Poem is diſtinguiſhed by his undaunted courage, his dexterity in extricating himſelf from

from difficulties, his love of liberty, and the zeal which he ſhews in the ſervice of his country.

The inextinguiſhable thirſt, which Henry gives him, of ſhedding the blood of the Invaders, might pleaſe a people in barbarous times; but certainly ought not to have been aſcribed to Wallace, whoſe mind was too great to deſcend to an indiſcriminate rage againſt any people whatever.

" I like better to ſee the Sothroune de,
Yan gold or land yat yai can give to me,"

B. 5. V. 397.

Are words which Henry puts into the mouth of Wallace; which, unleſs in as far as they expreſſed his abhorrence of accepting a bribe againſt his country, no loſſes ſuſtained, public or private, could juſtify.

The ſword of Henry's hero, like that of the hero of Homer, is irreſiſtible: when raiſed, the brave are ſlain, and ignoble multitudes are put to flight. The ſucceſs of the confederated Greeks did not more depend on the aid of Achilles, than the cauſe of Wallace's countrymen depended on their being united to him. When he bears rule, they conquer, and the national liberty is reſtored. When other leaders envy his greatneſs, and the command has been reſigned into their hands, they fall before their enemies, and the nation is enſlaved. After ſtruggling for ſome time againſt powerful adverſaries, a ſolitary Patriot, who diſdained to feign a ſubmiſſion, he is taken by treachery, and dies a martyr to the freedom of his country.

The faults in the diction of the Poem are not to be aſcribed to Henry. He aſſuredly wrote the living language in the beſt manner of his time. If his grammar were a little mended, and the orthography of his words modernized, he would be more eaſily underſtood, without the help of a gloſſary, than any of his contemporary writers, even than ſome who wrote in the ſucceeding century. Thoſe who take pleaſure in Philological reſearches, may trace in his Poem the progreſs which the Engliſh language had then made in Scotland.

In his Poem may alſo be obſerved the ancient character of the people of Scotland; and the ſtate of Society among them, at leaſt what it was in Henry's time.

Under a tyranny exerciſed by a foreign power, the ſpirit of the nation was remarkably tried. We find heroiſm excited, but which ſometimes degenerated into cruelty. We ſee a hardy race of men, keen in their reſentments, patiently bearing want and fatigue, and regardleſs of danger in the enterpriſes in which they were engaged.

The general profeſſions of ſubmiſſion, which they ſometimes ſaw it proper to make, were not to be truſted: Their reſentments were not extinguiſhed, but were ſecretly gathering ſtrength, afterwards to break out with greater violence, and with better ſucceſs.

The manners deſcribed in the Poem were evidently taken from real life. We learn the cuſtoms and opinions, the habitations and way of living, the Colloquial phraſes and intercourſe, the mode of entertainment

ment, the favourite dreſs of green, and other minute particulars which belonged to the former inhabitants of this part of the Iſland.

But Henry's chief ambition was to be conſidered as a faithful relater of the actions of Wallace. Hence his many ſeemingly anxious appeals to the Book which he profeſſes to follow. Unfortunately that Book cannot now be produced in ſupport of his veracity. Some therefore may take the liberty, not merely of entertaining ſuſpicions, but of accuſing him as having been guilty of a pious fraud in pretending to ſuch an authority.

It is an obvious remark, that before the invention of the Art of Printing, and alſo before it was generally practiſed, the continuance of a book was exceedingly precarious. It might therefore be rather preſumptuous, at this diſtance of time, to condemn him altogether.

In ſome parts of his Poem, there are appearances of what may be called an internal evidence in his favour: particularly in one paſſage where he quotes an interpolation. The words nearly are, "Mr John Blair ſpake nothing of himſelf: he did not relate what befell him in this adventure. But I, Thomas Gray, was then prieſt to Wallace, and I put into the Book how the matter happened." B. 10. V. 807.

Henry certainly was under no neceſſity of fabricating an interpolation; and he could not eaſily have thought of ſuch words, unleſs he had actually found them in a book then exiſting.

It muſt however be allowed that he has fully uſed the licence which Poets claim of exaggerating the events they relate. Deeds of valour are diſplayed, which in their circumſtances ſurpaſs belief: and honours are paid to his hero, ſuch as the viſit made to him by the Queen of England, which we are ſure never were conferred on Wallace.

His geographical deſcriptions are uncommonly accurate. But his chronology is ſuch as he could not have copied from any well informed writer. A better excuſe can be made for him, than for many other unchronological writers. To a blind man it muſt be peculiarly difficult to arrange a work of any great length. Few perſons have a memory equal to ſuch a taſk. Accidental cauſes will occaſion a variation, which will lead to others, and which will not be noticed till it be too late to remedy them.

Henry ſeems, in the beginning, to have intended to obſerve an exact order of time. But having gone wrong, he could not recover himſelf, and therefore gave himſelf up to follow his own fancy in his choice of the ſtory next to be introduced. Many of the events inſerted by him undoubtedly happened, but not often in the ſucceſſion in which they appear.

It would be too ſceptical to treat as fabulous every thing he relates that is not confirmed by records, or by other writers of reſpectable character. A perſon who travelled through the country in the manner Henry did, muſt, even though he had no written hiſtory

to

to rely on, have learned many particulars which were founded in truth.

It muſt alſo be granted that the perſonal accompliſhments, and military actions of Wallace, muſt have been of the moſt extraordinary kinds, as they were the means of diſtinguiſhing him above all others in his ſtation of a private gentleman, and of raiſing him to be Governor of the Kingdom, and General of its Armies.

It is impoſſible now perfectly to diſtinguiſh between what is true, and what is falſe, in many of Henry's Relations. But they will not greatly err, who pay ſome regard to the facts he mentions, which are not in their own nature quite improbable, and not contradicted by other evidence of indiſputable authority.

Thus I have given, in this memoir, the few particulars of Henry's Life which can be known with certainty. I have taken notice of what may be ſaid in favour of his work, and alſo of what may be ſaid againſt it.

The reſult, I apprehend, is, that his work is deſerving of eſteem, in ſome degree, as a Hiſtory, and as a Poem, and more eſpecially, as it delineates ancient manners, and contains an ample ſpecimen of our language, as it was formerly ſpoken in this country.

The concluding words of the Scotichronicon, which have been put alſo at the end of thoſe Relations concerning Wallace, which are aſcribed to Arnald Blair, ſome perſons, with whom I would not wiſh to contend,

tend, may reckon to be, in ſome reſpects, peculiarly applicable to Henry's Book,

" Non Scotus eſt, Chriſte, cui non liber placet iſte."

" He is not a Scotſman whom this Book does not pleaſe."

(1). Charters in the Archives of the Church at Perth, from 1375, to 1460.

(2). (5.) " Integrum Librum Guillielmi Wallacei Henricus, a Nativitate Luminibus captus, meæ infantiæ tempore cudit, & quæ vulgo dicebantur carmine vulgari, in quo peritus erat, conſcripſit, (Ego autem talibus ſcriptis ſolum in parte fidem impertior,) Qui, Hiſtoriarum Recitatione coram principibus, victum & veſtitum, quo dignus erat, nactus eſt."

Johan. Major. Hiſt. Brit. L. 4. C. 14. p. 169. Editio Fribarn. apud Edinb. 1740.

(3). Vita Dom. Johan. Majoris, per G. Craford. p, ix, x.

(4). (6). " Henricus quidam, a nativitate cœcus, rara tamen ingenii felicitate, Homerus alter, patriam linguam ſupra ætatem ſuam dicavit. Scripſit operoſum & grande opus, verſu vernaculo, de Geſtis Gulielmi Wallaſii, Lib. x. —— Vivebat Anno, 1361."

Thom. Dempſt. Hiſt. Eccles. Scot. L. 8. p. 349.

OF THE

HISTORICAL RELATIONS

ASCRIBED TO

ARNALD BLAIR.

SIR James Balfour, who was "Lion King at Arms" for Scotland, in the reign of Charles I, tranſcribed a ſmall Latin Chronicle, in the Library of Sir Thomas Cotton the Engliſh antiquary, which bears this title, "Relationes quædam Arnaldi Blair, Monachi de Dumfermelen, et Capellani D. Willielmi Wallas, Militis."

"Some Relations by Arnald Blair, a Monk of Dunfermling, and Chaplain of Sir William Wallace, Knight."

Sir Robert Sibbald publiſhed this tranſcript, with a Commentary and Notes, in 1705. A copy of whoſe publication is to be found in the Appendix to that edition of Henry's Life of Wallace, which was printed in Black Letter in 1758.

Some have ſuppoſed that this Chronicle is the hiſtorical Book to which Henry refers, or at leaſt that it contains ſome fragments of it; and that it was written in 1327.

They conjecture that, after the death of Wallace, Mr John Blair took the monaſtic vows at Dunfermling;

ling; and that, according to what was ſometimes done on ſuch an occaſion, he partly changed his name, and called himſelf Arnald.

It is neceſſary to make ſome remarks on this Chronicle, becauſe none of the paſſages to which Henry pointedly refers, are to be found in it.

There may have been an Arnald Blair, a Monk at Dunfermling. The perſon may have known that there was, who prefixed the name of Blair to the Chronicle. But though there were ſuch a Monk at Dunfermling, it is not clear that he was the Mr John Blair, who was the military companion of Wallace.

Henry always calls him by the name of John. He ſays, he lived long after the death of Wallace, but does not ſpeak of his having become a Monk. What he ſays of his rank in the Church is, that he was "Levyt," licenſed, or conſecrated, "at Paris, among maſters in ſcience and renown." B. 5. V. 535. Beſides the hiſtory which Henry mentions, was the compoſition not only of Mr John Blair, but alſo of Mr Thomas Gray.

The Chronicle, if it can be ſo called, is a very poor one, and probably never contained more than what now appears in it. It is evidently not written in the deſcriptive manner of perſons who were preſent, and actively engaged in the events they relate.

Some of the facts are introduced without order of time; and an error preſents itſelf in the very beginning, where it is ſaid, that Wallace was made Governor of Scotland in 1294.

Except

Except this erroneous paſſage, and three other paragraphs, it contains nothing hiſtorical but what may be found, in the ſame words, in the eleventh and twelfth Books of the Scotichronicon.

The firſt of the three paragraphs relates to the battle at Black Ironſide in Fyfe. The ſecond, to the puniſhment of ſome traiters in Galloway, and to the burning of the Barns at Air. And the third mentions three battles at Perth, in one of which the bridge over the Tay was broke down.

But theſe three paragraphs are aſcribed, in the printed Commentary before-mentioned, to the Scotichronicon, and perhaps for this reaſon that they were contained in thoſe two Chapters of the eleventh Book of that work, which are now wanting in the Scots Manuſcripts.

The deſcription of Wallace's Perſon is what Henry might be thought to have had more eſpecially in his view. But it is conſiderably different from the deſcription he gives, and is to be found in the very ſame words, Scotichron. L. 11. C. 28.

If Mr John Blair and Mr Thomas Gray wrote a hiſtory of Wallace in 1327, Fordun or Bowmaker, the Compilers of the Scotichronicon, might, no doubt, have availed themſelves of it. But the Relations aſcribed to Arnald Blair appear, at leaſt in their preſent form, to be merely a looſe extract, made for ſome purpoſe or other, of what Fordun or Bowmaker had ſet down in their work.

THE

LIFE

OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, &c.

BOOK. I.

Wallace's Parentage—Debate of Bruce and Baliol—Battle of Berwick 1296—Of Dunbar—Edward and Corſpatrick depoſe Baliol—Scotland loſt when Wallace a Child—Wallace's Mother goes with him to Gowrie—He is put to ſchool at Dundee—Kills Selby—Goes to Dunipace—To Richardtown—Fiſhing Adventure.

OUR Anteceſſowris, yat we ſuld of reide,
And hald in mynde yar nobille worthi deide,
We lat ourſlide, throw werray ſlouthfulneſs,
And caſst us evir till uthir beſynes.
Till honour ennymys is our haile entent,
As has beyne ſeyne in yir tymys bywent.
Our auld ennymys cummin of Saxonys blud,
That nevyr zeit to Scotland wald do gud,
Bot evir on fors, and contrar haile yair will,
Quhow gret kyndnes yair beyne kyth yaim till,

It is weyle knawyne on mony diverſs ſyde,
How yai haff wrocht into yair mychty pryde,
To hald Scotlande at undir evirmair,
Bot God abuff has maid yair mycht to par;
Zhit wi ſuld thynk one our bears befor.
Of yair parablyſs as now I ſay no mor.
We reid of ane rycht famous of renoune,
Of worthi blud yat ryngs in yis regioune:
And hensfurth, I will my proces hald
Of Wilzham Wallace as ye haf hard beyne tald.
His Forbears quha like till undirſtand,
Of hale lynage, and trew line of Scotland,
Schir Ranald Crawfurd, rycht Schirreff of Ayr,
So in hys tyme he had a Dochtir fayr,
And younge Schir Rannald Schirreff of yat towne,
Hys ſyſtir fayr, of gud fame and renoune;
Malcom Wallace hir gat in mariage,
Yat Elriſle yan had in heretage,
Auchinboth, and oyir ſyndry place,
Ye ſecund O he was of gud Wallace:
Ye quhilk Wallace fully worthely had wrocht,
Quhen Waltyr hyr of Waillis fra Warayn ſocht,
Quha liks till haif mar knawlage in yat part,
To reide ye fyrſt rycht lyne of the fyrſt Stewart.
Bot Malcom gat upon yis lady brycht,
Schir Malcom Wallace, a full gentill knycht,
And Wilzame als, as Con's Cornykle bers on hand,
Quhilk eſtir was ye reſkew of Scotland,
Quhen it was loſt with treſoune and falſneſs,
Ourſet be fais he fred it weyle throw Grace.

Quhen

Quhen Alexander our worthi king had lorn,
Be awentur hys liff befyd Kingorn,
Thre zer in pefs ye realm ftude defolate,
Quharfor yair raifs a full greivous debate.
Our Prynce Dawy, ye Erle of Huntyntoun,
Thre dochtrys had yat war of gret renoun:
Off quhilk thre com Bruce, Balzoune, and Haftyng,
Twa of ye thre defyrit to be kyng.
Balzoune clamyt of fyrft gre lynealy,
And Bruce fyrft male of ye fecund gre by.
To Paryfs yan, and in Ingland yai fend,
Of yis gret ftriff how yai fuld haif ane end.
Foly it was (forfuth it happynnyt fa)
Succour to fek of yair alde mortale fa.
Edwarde Langfchanks had now begune hys wer,
Apon Gaſkone, fell awfull in Effer:
Yai lands yane he clamde as heretage.
Fra tyme yat he had femblyt hys barnage,
And herd tell weyle Scotland ftude in fic cace,
He thocht till hym to mak it playn conquace.
Till Noram Kirk he com withouten mar,
Ye Confell yan of Scotland meit hym yar.
Full futailly he chargyt yaim in bandoune,
As yar our lord, till hald of hym ye toun.
Byfchope Robert in hys tym full worthi,
Off Glaſgow lord, he faid yat we deny
Ony our lord, bot ye gret God abuff.
Ye king was wrath, and maid him to ramuff.
Couetis Balzoune folowid on hym faſt,
Till hald of him he grantyt at ye laſt:

In contrar rycht, a king he maid hym thar,
Quharthroch Scotland rapentyt ſyne full ſar.
To *Balzoune* zhit our lords wald nocht conſent.
Edwarde paſt ſouth, and gart ſet hys parlement:
He callyt Balzoune till anſuer for Scotland.
The wyfs lords gert hym ſone brek yat band.
Ane Abbot paſt, and gaiff our yis legiance.
King Edward yan it tuk in gret greuance.
Hys oſt he raſd, and com to Werk on Tweede,
Bot for to fecht, as yan he had gret drede.
To Corſpatryk of Dimbar ſone he ſend,
His conſell aſk, for he ye contre kend:
And he was brocht in preſenſe to ye king,
Be ſuttale band yai cordyt of yis thing.
Erle Patrick yan till Berweck couth purſew;
Reſſawide he was and traſtyt werray trew:
Ye king folowid with his oſt of renoune,
Eftir mydnycht at reſt wes all ye toune.
Corſpatryk raiſs, ye keyis weile he knew,
Leit briggs down, and portculeſs yai drew,
Set up zetts ſyne, couth hys baner ſchaw;
Ye oſt was war, and towart hym yai draw.
Edwarde ontrit, and gert ſla haſtely,
Of man and wiff, vij thouſand and fyfty,
And barnys als; be yis fals awentur
Of trew Scotts chapyt na creatur.
A captayne yair yis fals Edwarde maid,
Towart Dimbar, without reſtyng yai raid.
Quhar gadryt was grete power of Scotland,
Agayne Edward in Bataill thocht to ſtand:

Yir iiij Erllis was entrit in yat place,
Of Mar, Menteith, Adell, Rofs, upon cace,
In yat caſtell ye Erle gert hald yaim in,
At to yar men without yai mycht nocht win,
Na yai to yaim ſuppleying for to ma.
Ye battaillis yan togiddyr faſt yai ga.
Full gret ſlauchtyr, it pute was to ſe.
Off trew Scotts ourſett with ſuteltie,
Erle Patrick yan quhen fechtyng was fellaſt,
Till our fa turnd and harmyng did us maſt.
Is nane in warld, at ſcaithis ma do mar,
Yan weile traſtyt, in born familiar.
Our men was ſlayne withouttyn redemptioun;
Throuch yar deds all tynt was yis regioun.
King Edwarde paſt and Corſpatrick to Scune,
And yar he gat ymage of Scotland ſune,
For nane was left ye realme for to defend;
For Jhon ye Balzoune to Munrofs yan he ſend,
And putt hym doune for evir of yis kynrik,
Yan Edwarde ſelf was callyt a Roy full ryk.
Ye croune he took apon yat ſamyne ſtane
At Gadalos ſend with hys ſone fra Spane
Quhen Iber Scot fyrſt intill Irland come,
At Cannmor ſyne king Fergus has it wone,
Brocht it till Scune, and ſtapill maid it yar,
Quhar kings was cround viij hundyr zer and mar,
Befor the tyme at King Edwarde it fand;
Yis Jouell he gert turfs intill Ingland;
In Lund it ſett till witneſs of yis thing,
Be conqueſs yan of Scotland cald hym king.

Quhar yat ſtayne is, Scotts ſuld maſtir be,
God cheſs ye tyme Margrits Ayr till ſe.
Vij ſcor yai led off ye greteſt yat yai fand
Off Ayrs with yaim and Bruce out of Scotland.
Edwarde gayff hym hys fadrs heretage,
Bot he thocht ay till hald hym in thryllage.
Baith Blatock Mur was his and Huntyntoune.
Till Erle Patrick yai gaif full gret gardoune;
For ye frendſchipe king Edwarde with hym fand,
Protector haile he maid hym of Scotland.
Yat Office yan he brukyt bot ſchort tyme,
I may not now putt all ye deidis in ryme,
Of cornikle quhat ſuld I tary lang?
To Wallace agayne now breiffly will I gang.
Scotland was loſt quhen he was bot a childe,
And ourſet throuchut our ennemyſs wilde.
His fadyr Malcom in ye Lennox fled,
Hys eldeſt ſone thedir he with hym led;
Hys modyr fled with hym fra Elriſle,
Till Gowry paſt, and duelt in Kilſpynde,
Ye knycht hyr fadyr thedyr he yaim ſent
Till hys uncle, yat with full gud entent
In Gowry duelt and had gud lewyng yar,
Ane agyt man, ye quhilk reſawyt yaim far.
In till Dunde Wallace to ſcule yai ſend,
Quhill he of witt full worthely was kend.
Yus he conteynde intill hys tendyr age,
In armys ſyne did mony hie waſlage,
Quhen Saxons blude into yis realme cummyng,
Wyrkand ye will of Edwarde yat falſe king,

Mony

Mony gret wrang yai wrocht in yis regioune,
Diſtroyit our lordys and brak yair byggyngs doune.
Both wiffs an wedowis yai tuk all at yair will,
Nonnys madyns quham yai liket to ſpill.
King Herod's part yai playit into Scotland,
Off zong childer yat yai befor yaim fand
Ye Byſchopryks, yat war of gretaſt waile,
Yai tuk in hand of yair Archbyſchops haile:
No for the Pape yai wald na kyrks forber,
Bot gryppyt all be wiolence of wer.
Glaſkow yai gaif, as it our weile was kend,
To Dyocye of Duram to commend.
Small benifice yat wald yai nocht perſew,
And for ye richt full worthy clerks yai ſlew.
Hangyt Barrownys and wrocht full mekill cayr,
It was weylle knawyn, in the Berneys of Ayr,
Xviij ſcor putt to yat diſpitfull dede,
Bot God abowyn has ſend us ſum ramede.
Ye remembrance is forthir in ye taile.
I will folow apon my proceſs haile.
Wilzham Wallace or he was man of armys,
Gret pitte thocht yat Scotland tuk ſic harmys,
Mekill dolour it did hym in hys mynde,
For he was wiſe, rycht worthy, wicht and kynde,
In Gowry duelt ſtill with yis worthy man,
As he encreſſyt, and witt haboundyt yan,
Intill hys hart he had full mekill cayr.
He ſaw ye Sothroune multipliand mayr,
And to hymſelf oft wald he mak hys mayne.
Off hys gud kyne yai had ſlayne mony ane.

Zhit he was yan ſemly ſtark and bald,
And he of age was bot xviij zer auld,
Wapynnys he bar, outhir gud ſuerd or knyff,
For he with yaim hapnyt richt offt in ſtryff.
Quhar he fand ane without ye oyir preſance,
Eftir to Scotts yat did no mor grewance;
To cut hys throit or ſtreik him ſedanlye,
He mayndit not fand he yaim ſawely.
Syndry wayntit, bot nane wyſt be quhat way,
For als to hym yar couth na man yaim ſay.
Littel of ſpech, wyſs, curtaſs and benyng,
Sad of contenance he was bath ald and zing.
Upon a day to Dunde he was ſend,
Off cruelnes full littil yai hym kend.
Ye conſtable a felloun man of wer,
Yat to ye Scotts he did full mekill der,
Selbye he hecht, diſpitfull and owtrage,
A ſone he had ner xx zer of age:
Into ye toune he uſyt ilka day,
Thre men or four yar went with hym to play;
A hely ſchrew, wanton in his entent,
Wallace he ſaw and towart hym he went;
Liklie he was richt bige and weyle beſeyne,
Intill a wyde of gudly garmand greynne;
He callyt on hym, and ſaid, yow Scott, abyde,
Quha dewill ye grathis in ſo gay a wyde;
Ane Erſche mantill it was yi kynd to wer,
A Scotts thewittil undyr yi belt to ber,
Rouch rowlyngs apon yi harlot fete,
Giff me yi knyff, quhat dois yi ger ſa mete?

Till

Till hym he zeid hys knyff to tak hym fra.
Faſt by the collar Wallace couth hym ta,
Undyr hys hand ye knyff he bradit owt,
For all hys men yat ſemblyt hym about,
Bot help himſelf he wiſt of no remede,
Without reſkew he ſtykit hym to dede.
Ye ſquier fell. Of hym yar was na mar.
Hys men folowed on Wallace wondyr ſair
The preſs was thik and cummerit yaim full faſt.
Wallace was ſpedy, and gretelye als agaſt;
Ye bludy knyff bar drawin in hys hand,
He ſparyt nane yat he befor hym fand.
He knew ye hous hys Eyme had lugit in,
Thydir he fled, for out he mycht not wyn;
Ye gud wyff yan within ye cloſs ſaw he,
And help, he cryit, for hym yat deit on tre,
Ye zong captane has fallyn with me at ſtryff.
In at the dur he went with yis gud wyff.
A rouſſat goune of hir awn ſche hym gaiff
Apon hys weyd, at covrit all ye laiff,
A ſoudly courche our hed and nek leit fall,
A wowyn quhyt hatt ſche braſſit on with all;
For yai ſuld nocht lang tary at yat in,
Gaiff hym a rok, ſyn ſet hym doune to ſpin.
Ye Sothroune ſocht quhar Wallace was in drede;
Yai wyſt nocht weylle at quhat zett he in geide.
In yat ſame hous yai ſocht hym beſelye,
Bot he ſat ſtill, and ſpan full conandly,
As of hys tyme he has not leryt lang.
Yai left hym ſwa and furth yair gate can gang,

With

With havy cheyr and forowfull in thocht,
Mair witt of hym as yan get couth yai nocht,
Ye Inglis men all yus in barrat boune,
Bade byrn all Scotts yat war into yat toune.
Zhit yis gud wyff held Wallace till ye nycht,
Maid hym gud cher, fyne put hym out with flycht,
Throw a dyrk garth fche gydit him furth faft,
In cowart went and up ye wattyr paft,
Forbure ye gate for wachis yat war yar.
Hys modyr was intill a gret difpar.
Quhen fche him faw fche thankyt hewynnis queyn,
And faid, der fon, yis lang quhar has yow beyne?
He tald his modyr off hys fedane cafs.
Yan wepyt fche, and faid full aft, alafs!
Or yat yow cefs, yow will be flayne with all.
Modyr, he faid, God Reuller is of all.
Unfowerable ar ye pepille of Ingland,
Part of yir ire me think we fuld gaynftand.
His Eyme wyft weyle yat he ye fquier flew,
For dreid yarof in gret languor he grew.
This paffit our, quhill diuers dayis wer gane,
Yat gud man drede or Wallace fuld be tane
For Sothroune ar full futtaille evir ilk man,
A gret dittay for Scotts yai ordand yan.
Be ye law-dayis in Dunde fet ane Ayr,
Yan Wallace wald na langar foiorne yar;
Hys modyr graythit hir in pilgrame weide,
Him difgyfit fyne glaidlye with hir zeid.
A fchort fword undyr hys weyd priuatelie.
In all yat land full mony faes had he.

Baithe

Baithe on yair fute with yaim mae tuk yai nocht.
Quha ſperd ſche ſaid to Sautt Margret yai ſocht.
Quha ſerwit hir, full gret frendſchipe yai fand
With Sothroune folk, for ſche was of Ingland.
Befyd Landors ye ferrye our yai paſt
Syne throch ye Ochtell ſped yaim wondyr faſt.
In Dumfermlyne yai lugyt all yat nicht;
Apon ye morn, quhen yat ye day was brycht,
With gentill wemen hapnyt yaim to paſs,
Off Ingland born in Lithquhow wownnand was.
The captane's wyff in pilgramage had beyne,
Fra ſche yaim mett, and had zong Wallace ſeyne,
Gud cher yaim maid, for he was wondyr fayr,
Not large of tong, weille taucht and *debonayr*.
Furth tawkand yus of mattris yat was wrocht,
Quhill ſouth our Forth with her ſone ſche yaim brocht.
Into Lithkow yai wald not tary lang,
Yar leyff yai tuk, to Dunypace couth gang,
Quhar duelt his eyme, a man of gret richeſs.
This mychty parſon, hecht to name Wallace,
Maid yam gud cher, and was a full kynd man,
Welcummyt yaim fair, and to yaim tald he yan,
Dide hym to witt, ye land was all on ſter;
Trettyt yaim weyle, and ſaid, my ſone ſo der,
Yi modyr and yow rycht heir with me ſall byde,
Quhill better be, for chance yat may betyde.
Wallace anſuerd, ſaid, Weſtermar we will,
Our kynd ar ſlayne, and yat me likes ill;
And oyir worthi mony in yat airt,
Will God I leiffe, we ſall us wicke on pairt.

The

The parſon ſicht, and ſaid, my ſone ſo fre.
I cannot wyſs how yat radreſs may be.
Quhat ſuld I ſpek of, fruſtir as yis tyde
For gyft of gud with hym he wald not byde.
Hys modyr and he till Elriſle yai went.
Apon ye morn ſche for hyr brodyr ſent,
In Corſby duelt and Scheriff was of Ayr.
Yir fadyr was dede a lang tyme leyffyt had yar,
Hyr huſband als at Loudone-hill was ſlayne.
Hyr eldeſt ſone yat mekill was of mayne,
Schir Maleom Wallace was hys nayme bot leſs,
Hys houch ſenews yai cuttyt in yat preſs;
On kneis he faucht, felle Ingliſmen he ſlew,
Till hym yar focht may fechtars yan anew;
On athir ſide with ſpers bar hym doune,
Yar ſtekyt yai yat gud knycht of renoune.
On to my taile I left at Elriſle
Schyr Ranald come ſone till hys ſyſter fre,
Welcommyt yaim hayme, and ſperd of hir entent.
Sche prayde he wald to ye Lord Perſye went,
So yrk of wer ſche couth na furthir fle,
To purcheſs peſs, in reſt at ſche mycht be.
Schyr Ranald had ye Perſeys protectioune,
As for all part to tak ye remiſſioune.
He gert wrytt ane till hys ſyſtir yat tyde,
In yat reſpyt Wallace wald nocht abyde.
Hys modyr kyſt, ſche wepyt with hart ſar,
Hys leyff he tuk, ſyne with hys eyme couth far.
Zong he was, and to Sotheroune rycht ſauage,
Gret rowme yai had diſpitfull and outrage.

Schyr

Schyr Ranald weylle durſt not hald Wallace yar,
For gret perill he wiſt apperand war;
For yai had haill ye ſtrenthis of Scotland,
Quhat yai wald do durſt few agayne yaim ſtand.
Schyreff he was, and uſyt yaim amang,
Full ſar he drede or Wallace ſuld tak wrang;
For he and yai couth neuir weylle accord.
He gat a blaw, thoch he war lad or lord,
That proferryt hym ony lichlenes:
Bot yai raparyt owr mekill to yat place.
Als Inglis clerks in prophecyſs yai fand,
How a Wallace ſuld put yaim fra Scotland.
Schyr Ranald knew weille a mar quiet ſtede,
Quhar Wilzham mycht be bettir fra yair fede,
With hys uncle Wallace of Ricardtoun,
Schyr Richard hecſt, yat gud knycht off ranoune.
Yai landis haile yan was his heretage,
Bot blynd he was ſo hapnyt throw curage,
Be Inglis men yat dois us mekill der;
In hys ryſyng he worthi was in wer.
Throch hurt of waynys and miniſhing of blud;
Zett he was wyſs, and off hys counſel gud.
In Feuirzer Wallace was to hym ſend,
In Aprill fra hym he bownd to wend.
Bot gud ſerwice he did hym with pleſance,
As in yat place was worthi to awance.
So on a tyme he deſyrit to play,
In Aprill ye thre and twentyt day,
Till Erewyn wattir fyſche to tak he went,
Sic fantaſye fell in his entent.

To leide hys net a child furth with hym zeid;
Bot he or nowne was in a fellowne dreid.
Hys fwerd he left, ſo did he nevir agayne,
It dide hym gud, ſuppoſs he ſuffryt payne.
Off yat labour as yan he was not ſle,
Happy he was, tuk fiſche habundanle.
Or of ye day ten houris our couth paſs,
Rydand yar come nerby quhar Wallace waſs,
Ye Lord Perſye was Captane yan of Ayr
Fra hyme he turnyt and couth to Glaſkow fair.
Part of ye court had Wallace labour ſeyne,
Till hym raid fyff cled into ganand greyne,
Wallace meklye agayne anſuir hym gaive,
It war reſoune, me think, zhe ſuld haif part.
Waith ſuld be delt, in all place, with fre hart,
He bad hys child "gyff yaim of our waithing."
Ye Sotheroune ſaid; "as now of yi delying
We will nocht tak, yow wald giff us our ſmall."
He lichtit doune, and fra ye child tuk all.
Wallace ſaid yan; "gentillmen gif ze be,
Leiff us ſome pairt, we pray for cherity,
An agyt knycht ſerwis our lady to day,
Gud frend, leiff pairt and tak not all away."
"Yow ſall haiff leyff to fyſche, and tak yow ma,
All yis forſuth ſall in our flyttyng ga,
We ſerffe a lord, yis fyſche ſall till hym gang."
Wallace, anſuert, ſaid; "yew art in ye wrang."
"Quham dois yow, Scott? in faith yow ſerwis a blaw."
Till hym he ran and out a ſuerd can draw.
Wilzham was wa he had na wappynis yar,

* And ſaid ſone, Scot, Martyns fyſche we wald haiwe Bot

Bot ye pout ſtaff, ye quhilk in hand he bar.
Wallace with it faſt on ye cheik hym tuk
With ſo gud will, quhill off hys feit he ſchuk.
Ye ſuerd flaw fra hym a fur breid on ye land.
Wallace was glad, and hint it ſone in hand,
And with ye ſuerd an awkwart ſtraik hym gaive
Under ye hat, his crage in ſondir draive,
Be yat ye laiff lychtit about Wallace,
He had no help, only bot Goddis grace.
On athir ſyde full faſt on hym yai dang,
Gret perill was giff yai had leſtyt lang.
Apon ye hede in gret ire he ſtrake ane,
Ye ſcherand ſuerd glaid to the colar bane.
Ane oydir on ye arme he hitt ſo hardely.
Quhill hand and ſuerd bathe on the feld can ly.
Ye toyir twa fled to yair hors agayne;
He ſtekyt hym was laſt apon ye playne.
Thre flew he yar, twa fled with all yair mycht
Eftir yair lord, bot he was out of ſycht,
Takand ye mure, or he and yai couth twine;
Till hym yai raid onon, or yai wald blyne,
And cryt, lord, abyde, your men ar martryt doune,
Rycht cruelly, her in yis fals regioune;
Fyffe of our court her at ye wattir baid,
Fyſche for to bring, thoch it na profyt maid.
We ar chapyt, bot in feyld ſlayne ar thre.
The lord ſperyt, quhow mony micht yai be?
We ſaw bot ane yat has diſcumfyt us all.
Yan leuche he lowde, and ſaid, foull mot you fall;
Sen ane yow all has putt to confuſioune

Quha menys it maiſt ye dewyll of hell hym droune;
Yis day for me, in faith, he beis nocht ſocht.
Quhar Wallace yus yis worthi werk had wrocht,
Yair horſs he tuk, and ger yat lewyt was yar,
Gaiff our yat crâfft, he zeid to fyſche na mar,
Went till his Eyme, and tauld hym of yis drede.
And he for wo weyie ner worthit to weide,
And ſaid, ſone, yir tythings ſitts me ſor;
And be it knawin, yow may tak ſcaith yarfor.
Uncle, he ſaid, I will no langer byde,
Yis Southland horſs latt ſe gif I can ryde.
Yan bot a child, hym ſerwice for to mak,
Hys Eymys ſonnys he wald nocht with him tak.
Yis gud knycht ſaid, deyr cuſyng, pray I ye,
Quhen yow wantts gud, cum ſech ynewch fra me.
Syluir and gold he gert on to hym geyff.
Wallace inclynys, and gudely tuk hys leyff.

EXPLICIT LIBER PRIMUS
ET INCIPIT SECUNDUS.

THE

LIFE

OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, &c.

BOOK II.

Wallace Kills a Churl at Air—Alſo Lord Peircie's Steward—Impriſonment at Air—Eſcapes—Slays Longcaſtle.

ZONG Wallace fulfillyt of hie curage,
In pryſs of armys deſirous and ſauage.
Yi waſlage may nevir be forlorn,
Yi deids are knawin, thoch yat ye warld had ſuorn:
For yi haile mynde, labour and beſynes,
Was ſet in wer, and werray rychtwyſſnes;
And felloune loſs of yi deyr worthi kyn,
Ye rancour mar remaynde hys mynde within.
It was hys lyff, and maiſt part of hys fude,
To ſe yaim ſched ye byrnand Sotheroune blude.
Till Auchincruff withoutyn mar he raid,
And bot ſchort tyme in peſs at he yar baid;
Yar duelt a Wallace welcummyt hym full weill,
Youcht Ingliſmen yar of had littill feill.
Bath meit and drynk at hys will had he yar.

In Laglyne wode, quhen yat he maid rapayr,
Yis Gentillman was full oft hys reſett,
With ſtuff of houſhald ſtreſtely he yaim bett.
Swa he deſyrit ye toune of Ayr to ſe,
Hys child with hym as yan no ma had he.
Ay next ye wode Wallace gert leiff hys horſs,
Syne on hys feit zeid to ye markat corſs,
Ye Perſye was in ye Caſtell of Ayr
With Ingliſmen, gret nowmbir and rapayr,
Our all ye toune rewlyng on yair awne wyſs.
Till mony Scott yai did full gret ſuppryſs.
Aboundandlye Wallace amang yaim zeid,
Ye rage of youth mad hym to haf no dreid.
A Churll yai had, yat felloune byrdyngs bar,
Excedandlye he wald lyft mekill mar
Yan ony twa yat yai amang yaim fand;
And als be uſs a ſport he tuk in hand,
He bar a faſteing in a bouſtous poille,
On hys braid bak of ony wald he thoille,
Bot for a grot, als faſt as he mycht draw.
Quhen Wallace herd ſpek of yat mery ſaw,
He lykit weille at yat markat to be,
And for a ſtrak he bad hym grotts thre.
Ye Churll grantyt, off yat proferr was fayne.
To pay ye ſiluer Wallace was full wayne.
Wallace yat ſteing tuk up intill hys hand,
Full ſturdely he coud befor hym ſtand;
Wallace, with yat, apon ye bak hym gaiff,
Till hys ryg bayne he all in ſondyr draiff.
Ye Carll was dede. Of hym I ſpek na mar.

Ye Inglifmen femblyt on Wallace yar,
Feill on ye feld of Frekis fechtand faft;
He unabyfat, and nocht gretlie agaft,
Apon ye hede ane with the fteing hitt he,
Till bayn and brayn he gert in peifes fle.
Ane oyir he ftraik on a bafnat of fteille,
The tre to raiff and frufchyt euery deille.
Hys fteing was tynt, ye Inglifman was dede,
For hys crag bayne was brokin in yat ftede.
He drew a fuerd at helpyt hym at neide,
Throuch owte ye thikeft of ye prefs he zeid;
And at hys horfs full fayne he wald haiff beyne.
Twa farde hym maift yat cruell war and keyne.
Wallace raturnd as man of mekill mayne,
And at a ftraik ye formaft has he flayne;
Ye toydir fled, and durft hym nocht abyde,
Bot a rycht ftraike Wallace hym gat yat tyde,
In at ye gufchet bravely he hym bar,
Ye grounden fuerd throch out hys coftil fchar.
Fyffe flew he yar, or yat he left ye toune;
He gat hys horfs, to Laglyne maid him boune,
He pyt hys child, and let hym nocht abyde.
In faufty yus on to ye wode can ryde.
Feile folowit hym on horfs, and eik on fute,
To tak Wallace, bot yan it was na bute.
Couert of treis fawit hym full weille;
Bot yar to byde, yan coud he nocht a deille.
Gud ordinance, yat ferd for hys eftate,
Hys cufyng maid at all tyme, ayr and late,
Ye Squeir Wallace in Auchincruff yat was,

Baith bed and meite he maid for yaim to paſs,
As for yat tyme yat he remanyt yar;
Bot ſar he langit to ſe ye toune of Ayr.
Thedyr he paſt apon ye merkate day;
Gret God gif he as yan had beyne away!
Hys Emys ſerwand to buy hym fyſche was ſend,
Schyr Ranald Crawfurd Schirreff yan was kend.
Quhen he had tane of ſic gud as he bocht,
Ye Perſye's ſtwart ſadly till hym ſocht,
And ſaid, yow Scott, to quhom takis yow yis thing?
To ye Schirreff, he ſaid, be hewynnys king.
My lord ſall haiff it, and ſyne go ſeke ye mar.
Wallace on gaite ner by was walkand yar,
Till hym he zeid, and ſaid, gud friend, pray I the,
Ye Schirreff's ſerwand yow wald lat hym be.
A hetfull man ye ſtwart was of blude,
And thocht Wallace chargyt hym in termys rude.
Go hens, ye Scott, ye mekill dewill ye ſpeid,
At yi ſhrewed uſs ye wenys me to leid.
A huntyng ſtaff intill hys hand he bar,
Yarwith he ſmat on Wilzham Wallace yar,
Bot for hys tre littill ſonzhe he maid,
Bot be ze colar claught hym withoutyn baid,
A felloune knyff faſt till hys hart ſtraik he,
Syne fra hym dede ſchot hym doun ſedanlie;
Tatour ſen ſyne, he was, but weyr na mar,
Men of armyſs on Wallace ſemblyt yar,
Four ſcor was ſett in armyſs buſkit boune,
On ye markat day, for Scotts, to kepe ye toune:
Bot Wallace baldly drew a ſuerd of wer,

Into

Into ye byrneis ye formaſt can he ber,
Throuchout ye body ſtekyt hym to dede,
And ſyndry ma, or he paſt off yat ſtede,
Ane oyir awkwart a large ſtraik tuk yar,
Abowne ye kne, ye bayne in ſondir ſchar.
The thrid he ſtraik throuch hys piſſand of maile,
Ye crag in twa, na weids mycht hym waile.
Yus Wallace ferd, als fers as a lyoun,
Yan Ingliſmen yat war in bargayne boun;
To kepe ye gait with ſpers rude and lang,
For dynt of ſuerd yai durſt nocht till hym gang.
Wallace was harnyſt on hys body weylle,
Till hym yai ſocht with heds ſcharp of ſteylle,
And fra hys ſtrenth enwerounde hym about;
Bot throw ye preſs on a ſyde he went out,
On till a wall yat ſtude by ye ſe ſyde;
For weyle or wo yar moſt he neds abyde.
And of yair ſpers in peſſis part he ſchar.
Yan fra ye caſtell oyir help come mar.
Atour ye dyke yai zeid on aithir ſyde,
Schott doune ye wall, no ſocour was yat tyde,
Yan wyſt he nocht of no help, bot to de,
To wenge hys dede amang yaim louſs zeid he,
On aither part in gret ire hewand faſt,
Hys byrnyſt brand he byrſtyt at ye laſt,
Brak in ye helt, away ye blaid it flaw;
He wyſt na wayne bot out hys knyff can draw;
Ye ſyrſt he ſlew yat hym in hand has hynt,
And oyir twa he ſtekyt with his dynt.
Ye remanand with ſpers to hym ſocht,

Bar hym to ground, yan forthir mycht he nocht.
Ye lords bad yat yai fuld nocht hym ſla,
To pyne hym mar yai chargyt hym to ga.
Yus in yair armyſs ſuppoſs yat he had ſuorn,
Out off the garth be forſs yai haiff hym borne.
Yus gud Wallace with Inglifmen was tane,
In falt of help, for he was hym allane.
He coud not cheyſs, ſic curage ſo hym bar,
Frewill fortoune yus brocht hym in ye ſnar;
And falſs Inwey ay contrar rychtwifnes,
That wiolent God full of doublines.
Yai fenziet godds Wallace nevir knew:
Gret rychtwifnes hym ay till mercy drew.
Hys kyn mycht not hym get for na kyn thing,
Mycht yai haiff payit ye ranſoune of a king.
Ye mor yai bad, ye mor it was in wayne.
Off yair beſt men yat day ſeuen has he ſlayne.
Yai gert ſet hym intill a priſoune fell;
Off hys turment great payne it war to tell.
Ill meyt and drynk yai gert ontill hym gyff,
Gret marwaille was lang tyme gif he mycht leyff;
And ek yarto he was in priſoune law,
Quhill yai thocht tyme on hym to hald ye law.
Leyff I hym yar into yat payneful ſtede.
Gret God abowe till hym ſend ſum ramede.
Ye playne complenyt, ye pittous lementyng,
Ye wofull wepyng yat was for hys takyng,
Ye turmentyng of euery creatur.
Alas, yai ſaid, how ſuld our lyff endur?
Be fortune, armyſs has left hym in thrillage:

The flour of youth in till his tenderage

Lefand

Lefand as now a chyftan had we nane,
Durſt tak on hand, bot zong Wallace alane:
Yis land is loſt, he caucht is in ye ſnar,
Propheſye out Scotland is left in cayr.
Barrell heryng and wattir yai him gaive,
Quhar he was ſet into yat ugly caive;
Sic fude for hym was febil to commend.
Yan ſaid he yus, all weild and God reſaive,
My petows ſpreit and ſaule amang ye laive;
My carneill lyff I may nocht yus defend,
Our few Sotheroune on to ye dede I drawe,
Quhen ſo yow will out of yis warld I wend,
Gif I ſuld now in preſoune mak ane end.
Eternaile God quhy ſuld I yis wayis de,
Syne my beleiff all haile remaynis in ye:
At yin awne will full worthely was wrocht,
Bot yow redeme na lyff yai ordand me,
Gaſtlye fadyr yat dyet apon ye tre,
Fra hellis preſoune with yi blude us bocht,
Quhi will yow giff ye handis wark for nocht,
And mony worthi into gret payne we ſe,
For off my lyff ellys nothing I rought.
O wariede ſuerd, of tempyr nevir trew,
Yi fruſchand blaid in preſoune ſone me threw:
And Ingliſmen our littill harm has tayne;
Off us yai haiff undoyne ma yan ynew;
My faithfull fadyr diſpitfully yai ſlew,
My brodyr als, and gud men mony ane.
Is this ye dait ſall yai ourcome ilk ane?
On our kynrent, deyr God, quhen will yow rew,

Sen

Sen my power yus ſedanlye is gayne.
A worthi Scotts, almychty God yow leid,
Sen I no mor in wyage may yow ſpeid;
In preſoune heir me worthis to myſcheyff.
Sely Scotland, yat of helpe has gret neide,
Yi natioune all ſtandis in a felloune dreide.
Off wardlienes all yus I tak my leiff;
Off yair paynis God lat you nevir preiff,
Thocht I for wo all out of witt ſuld weid,
Now oythir gyft I may none to you gyff.
O der Wallace, umquhill was ſtark and ſtur,
Yow moſt o neide in preſoune till endur.
Yi worthi kyn may nocht ye ſaiff for gold.
Ladys wepyt, yat was bath mylde and mur,
In fureous payne, ye modyr yat ye bur:
For yow till hyr was fer derer yan gold.
Hyr maiſt deſyr was to be undyr mold.
In wardlynes quhy ſuld ony enſur?
For you was formyt forſye on ye feld.
Compleyne Santts yus as yowr ſedull tellis,
Compleyne to hewin with wordis yat nocht fellis,
Compleyne yowr woice unto ye God abuffe,
Compleyne for hym into yat fitfull ſellis,
Compleyne hys payne in dolour yus yat dwellis,
In languor lyis, for loſyng off yair luff,
Hys fureous payne was felloune for to pruff.
Compleyne alſo, yhe birds, blyth as bellis,
Sum happy chance may fall for your behuff.
Compleyne, lordis, compleyne, yhe ladyis brycht,
Compleyne for hym yat worthi was and wycht,

Off

Off Saxons ſonnys ſufferyt full mekill der.
Compleyne for hym was yus in preſoune dycht,
And for na cauſs, bot, Scotland, for yi rycht.
Compleyne alſo, yhe worthi men of wer,
Compleyne for hym yat was your aſpre ſper,
And to ye deid fell Sotheroune ȝhit he dicht;
Compleyne for hym your treumphe had to ber.
Elvinus was hys maſtir Geyeler now,
In Inglifmen, allace, quhi ſuld we trew,
Our worthi kyn haiff payned on yis wyfs?
Sic reulle be rycht is littill allow,
Me think we ſuld in barrace mak yaim bow
At our power, and ſo we do feill ſyſs.
Off yar dangir God mak us for to ryſs,
Yat weille has wrocht befor yir tymis, and now,
For yai wyrk ay to wayt us with ſuppryſs.
Quhat ſuld I mor of Wallace turment tell,
Ye flux he tuk into yat preſoune fell,
Ner to ye dede he was likly to drawe.
Yai chergyt ye Geyeler nocht on hym to duell,
Bot bryng hym up out of yat ugly ſell
Till jugiſment, quhar he ſuld thoill ye law.
Yis man went doune, and ſedanly he ſaw,
As to hys ſycht dede had hym ſwappyt ſnell,
Syn ſaid to yaim, he has payit at he aw.
Quhen yai preſumyt he ſuld be werray deide,
Yai gart ſerwandys withoutyn langer pleid,
With ſchort awiſs on to ye wall hym bar,
Yai keſt hym owr out of yat bailfull ſteid,
Of hym yai trowit ſuld be na mar ramede,

In a draff mydden, quhar he remanyt yar,
Hys fyrſt Noryſs of ye Newtoune of Ayr,
Till hym ſche come, quhilk was full weille of reid,
And thyggyt leiff away with hym to fayr.
Into gret ire yai granyt hir to go.
Sche tuk hym up withoutyn wordis mo,
And on a carr unlikly yai hym caſt.
Attour ye wattir led hym with gret woo,
Till hyr awn houſs withoutyn ony hoo.
Sche warmyt wattir, and hyr ſerwands faſt
Hys body wouſche, quhill filth was of hym paſt.
Hys hart was wycht, and flykerit to and fro,
Als hys twa eyne he keſt up at ye laſt.
Hys foſtyr modyr lowed hym our ye laiff,
Dyd mylk to warme, hys leff giff ſche mycht ſaiff;
And with a ſpayn gret kyndnes to hym kyth.
Hyr Dochtir had of xii weeks old a knayff,
Hyr Child's pape in Wallace mouth ſche gaiff.
Ye womannys mylk recomford hym full ſwyth,
Syn in a bed yai brocht hym fair and lyth.
Rycht couertly yai kepe hym in yat caiff,
Hym for to ſaive ſo ſecretlye yai mycht.
In yar chawmyr yai kepyt hym yat tyde,
Sche gart graith up a burd be ye houſs ſyde,
With carpetts cled, and honoryt with gret lychht;
And for the woice in euery place ſuld bide,
At he was dede, out throuch ye land ſo wide,
In preſence ay ſche wepyt undir ſlycht,
Bot gudely meyts ſche graithit hym at hyr mycht.
And ſo befel into yat ſamyn tyd,

Quhill

Quhill forthirmar at Wallace worthit wycht.
Thomas Remour into the ayle was yan
With ye miniſtir, quhilk was a worthi man.
He uſyt offt to yat religiouſs place.
The peple demyt of witt mekill he can,
And ſo he told, [illegible]ycht at yai bliſs or ban,
Quhilk hapnyt futh in mony diuerſs caſe,
I can nocht ſay, be wrang, or rycht wyſnes,
In reulle of wer, quhilder yai tynt or wan,
It may be demyt be diuinoun of grace.
Yat man yat day had in ye market bene,
Of Wallace knew yis cairfull caſs ſo kene.
Hys maſtyr ſperyt quhat tythings at he ſaw
Yis man anſweryt, of littill hard I meyn,
Ye miniſtir ſaid, it has bene ſeildyn ſeyn,
Quhar Scotts and Inglis ſemblyt bene on raw,
Was nevir zhit, als fer as we coud knaw,
Bot oyir a Scott wald do a Sotheroune teyn,
Or he till hym, for awentur mycht faw.
Wallace, he ſaid, ye wiſt tayne in yat ſteide,
Out our ye wall I ſaw yaim caſt hym deide,
In preſoune famyſt for ſawt of fude.
Ye myniſtir ſaid, with hart heivy as leid,
Sic deide to yaim, me think, ſuld forſtyr feid,
For he was wycht, and cummyn of gentil blude.
Thomas anſuerd, yir tythings ar nocht gud,
And yat be ſuth, myſelf ſall neuir eit breid,
For all my witt her ſchortlye I conclud.
A woman ſyne of ye Newtoune of Ayr,
To hym ſche went fra he was fallyn yar,

And on hir kneis rycht lawly yaim befocht,
To purchefs leiff fche mycht yns with hym fayr.
In lychtlyneſs tyll hyr yai grant to fayr.
Our ye wattir on till hyr houſs hym brocht,
To beryſs hym als gudlye as fche mocht.
Zhit Thomas ſaid, yan ſall I leiff na mar,
Giff yat be trow, begud, yat all has wrocht
Ye myniſter herd quhat Thomas ſaid in playne,
He chargyt hym yan, go ſpeid ze faſt agayne
To yat ſamyn houſs, and werralye aſpye.
Ye man went furth, at bydding was full vayn,
To ye new toune to paſs he did hys payne,
To yat ilk houſs, and went in ſedanlye;
About he blent on to ye burd hym bye.
This woman raiſs, in hart fche was fayn.
Quha aw yis lik he bad hyr not deny.
Wallace, fche ſaid, yat full worthi has beyne.
Than wepyt fche, yat pete was to ſeyne.
Ye man yar to gret credens gaif he nocht.
Towart ye burd he bowned as he war teyne.
On kneis fche felle, and cryit, for mayre fcheyne,
Let ſlandyr be and flemyt out of your thocht.
This man hyr ſwour, be hym yat all has wrocht,
Mycht I hym anys ſe on lyff with myne eyn,
He ſuld be ſaiff, thocht England had hym focht.
Sche had hym up to Wallace by the deſs,
He ſpak with hym, ſyne faſt agayne can preſs
With glaid bodword, yair myrthis till amend.
He tald to yaim ye firſt tythings was leſs.
Yan Thomas ſaid, forſuth, or he deceſs,

Mony thouſand on feild fall mak yar end,
Off yis regioun he ſall ye Sotheroune ſend,
And Scotland thryſs he ſall bryng to the peſs,
So gud of hand agayne ſall nevir be kend.
A worthi mon, yat has gud witt to waille,
Bewar yat ye do nocht myſſdeyme my taille.
Perchance ze ſay, yat Bruce he was nane ſic.
He was als gud, quhat deide was to aſſaill,
As off hys handis and baulder in battaill.
Bot Bruce was knawn weyll ayr of yis Kynryk,
For he had rycht, we call no man hym lyk.
Bot Wallace thriſs yis Kynryk conqueſt haille,
In Ingland fer ſocht battaill on yat ryke.
I will ratorn to my mater agayne,
Quhen Wallace was raleſched of hys payne;
Ye cuntre demyde haille yat he was dede,
Hys dereſt kyn wyſt nocht of hys ramede.
Bot haile he was, likly to gang and ryde.
Into yat place he wald na langer byde.
Hys trow kepar he ſend to Elriſle,
Eſtir hym yar he durſt nocht lat hyr be,
Hyr dochtir, als hyr ſerwand, and hyr child,
He gart yaim paſs on to hys modyr myld.
Quhen yai war gayne na wapynys yar he ſaw.
To helpe hym with, quhat awentur mycht befaw.
A rouſty ſuerd in a noik he ſaw ſtand,
Withoutyn belt, but boſs, bukler, or band,
Lang tyme befor it had beyne in yat ſteide,
An agyt man it left quhen he was deide.
He drew ye blaid, he fand it wald bitt weille,

Thocht it was foull nobill it was of ſteille.
God help hys man, for yow ſall go with me
Quhill bettir cum will God full ſone may be.
To Schyr Ranald as yan he wald not fair,
In yat paſſage offt Sotheroune maid repair.
At Ricardtoune full fayne he wald haiff beyne,
To get hym horſs and pairt of armour ſcheyne.
On thedyrwart as he bownyt to fayr,
Thre Ingliſmen he met ridand till Ayr,
In yair wiage at Glaſkow furth had beyne.
Ane Langcaſtell yat cruell was and keyne,
A bauld ſquier, with hym gud zemen twa.
Wallace drew by, and wald haiff lattyn yaim ga.
Till hym he raid, and ſaid diſpitefully,
You Scott, abyde, I trow ye be ſome ſpy,
Or ellys a theyff, fra preſens wald ye hid.
Yan Wallace ſaid, with ſobyr words, yat tid,
Schyr I am ſeik, for Godds luff latt me ga,
Langcaſtell ſaid, for ſuth it beis no ſa,
A felloune freik you ſemys in ye fayr,
Quhill men ye knaw, yow ſall with me till Ayr,
Hynt out hys ſuerd yat was of nobill hew,
Wallace, with yat, at hys lychting, hym drew,
Apon ye crag with hys ſuerd has hym tayne,
Throw brayne and ſeyne in ſondyr ſtraik ye bane.
Be he was fallyn, ye twa yan lychtyt doun,
To wenge hys dede to Wallace maid yaim boun.
Ye tayne of yaim apon ye hed he gaiff,
Ye rouſty blaid to ye ſchulders hym claiff;
Ye toyir fled, and durſt na langer byde,

With

With a rude ſtep Wallace coud eftir glyde,
Out throuch hys rybbis a ſekar ſtraik drew he,
Quhill leuir and lunggs men mycht all redy ſe.
Yar horſs he tuk, bathe wapynys and armour,
Syne thankyt God with gud hart in yat ſtour.
Syluir yai had, all with hym has he tayne,
Hym to ſupport, for ſpending had he nayne.
Into gret haiſt he raid to Ricardtoune,
A blythe ſemblay was at hys lychtand doune.
Quhen Wallace met with Schyr Richart ye knycht,
For hym had mournit quhill febill was hys mycht.
Hys thre ſonnys of Wallace was full fayne;
Yai held hym loſt, zhitt God hym ſawth agayne.
Hys Eyme Schyr Ranald to Ricardtoun come faſt,
Ye wemen told, by Corſby as yai paſt,
Off Wallace eſehaipe, ſyne yar wiage zeid.
Schyr Ranald zhit was in a felloune dreid,
Quhill he hym ſaw in hart he thocht full lang,
Than ſedanlye in armys he couth hym fand;
He mycht not ſpek, but kiſſed hym tenderlye,
Ye knychts ſpreit was in an extaſye,
Ye blythe ters ye bryſt fro hys eyne two,
Or yat he ſpak, a lang tyme held hym ſo,
And at ye laſt rycht freindfully ſaid he,
Welcum Neuo, welcum der ſone to me,
Thankit be he yat all yis warld has wrocht,
Yus fairlye ye has out of preſoune brocht.
Hys modyr come, and othyr friends enew,
With full glaid will, to feil ye tithings true.
Gud Robert Boyd, yat worthi was and wycht,

Wald

Wald nocht yaim trew, quhill he hym ſaw with ſycht.
Fra ſyndry part yai ſocht to Ricardtoune,
Feill worthi folk, yat war of gret renoune.
Yus leiff I yaim in myrth, blifs, and pleſance,
Thankand gret God off hys fre happy chance.

EXPLICIT LIBER SECUNDUS
ET INCIPIT TERTIUS.

THE

LIFE

OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, &c.

BOOK III.

Battle at Loudon Hill—Wallace in Clyde's Wood—The Engliſh make Peace—Wallace Kills a Buckler Player at Air.

IN joyowſs July, quhen ye flours ſuete,
Degeſteable, engenered throw ye heet,
Bathe erbe and froyte buſk and bowis braid,
Habundandlye in euery ſlonk and fleid;
Als beſtiall, yair rycht courſs till endur,
Weyle helpyt ar be wyrken of natur,
On fute and weynge aſcendand to ye hycht,
Conſerwed weill be ye makar of mycht,
Fyſcheis in flude refectit realye
Till mannys fude, ye warld ſuld occupy.
Bot Scotland ſa was waiſtit mony day
Throch war, ſic ſkaith, at labour was away.
Wictaill worth ſcant or Auguſt coud apper,
Throch all the land, yat fude was happnyt der:

Bot

Bot Inglifmen, yat richefs wantyt nane,
Be caryage brocht yair wictaill fude gud wayne,
Stuffyt houffis with wyn and gud wernage,
Demaynde yis land as yair awne heretage,
Ye Kynryk haile yai rawllit at yair will.
Meffyngers yan fic tythings brocht yaim till,
And tald Perfye, yat Wallace leffand war,
Off hys efchaipe fra yair prefoune in Ayr.
Yai trowit rycht weille he paffyt was yat fteid,
For Langcaftell and hys twa men was deid.
He trowit ye chance yat Wallace fo was paft.
In ilka part yai war gretly agaft,
Throch prophefye yat yai had herd befor.
Lord Perfye faid, quhat neds words mor;
Bot he be ceft he fall do gret merwaill;
It war ye beft for King Edward's awaill,
Mycht he hym get to be hys ftedfaft man,
For gold or land, hys conqueft mycht left yan;
Me think be forfs he may nocht gottyn be,
Wyffmen ye futh be hys efchaipe may fe.
Yus deyme hym in mony diuerfs cafs.
We leiff yaim her, and fpek furth of Wallace.
In Ricardtoun he wald no langer byde,
For freinds confaill, nor thing yat mycht betyde.
And quhen yai faw yat it awailit nocht,
Hys purpofs was to wenge hym all he mocht,
On Sotheroune blude, quhilk has hys eldris flayne,
Yai latt hym wyrk hys awn will into playne.
Schyr Richart had thre fonnys, as I yow tald,
Adam, Richart, and Symone yat was bald;

Adam

Adam eldeſt was growand in curage,
Forthward, rycht fayr, xviii zer of age,
Large of perſone, baith wyſs, worthi and wycht,
Gud King Robert in hys tyme maid hym Knycht;
Lang tyme eftir in Bruces wers he baid
On Ingliſmen mony gud iourne maid
Yis gud Squeir with Wallace bownd to ryde
And Robert Boid quhilk wald na langer byde,
Undir thrillage of ſegs of Ingland.
Till yat fals King he nevir had maid band,
Kneland was yar, ner cuſyng to Wallace,
Syne baid with hym in mony peralowſs place;
And Edward Litill hys ſyſtirs ſone ſo der,
Full weille graithit intill yair armour cler.
Wyth yair ſerwands fra Ricardtoune yai raid
To Mawchlyne mur, and yar ſchort tyme abaide;
For freinds yaim tauld, was bound undir trewage;
That Fenwick was for Perſyes caryage,
Within ſchort tyme he will bring it to Ayr
Out of Carleile, he had reſawyit it yar.
Yat pleſyt Wallace in hys hart gretumlye,
Witt ye yai war a full glaid cumpanye.
Towart Lowdoun yai bownyt yaim to ryde,
And in a ſchaw, a littill yar beſyde,
Yai lugyt yaim, for it was ner ye nycht,
To wache ye way als beſyly as yai mycht.
A trew Scott quhilk hoſteler houſs yair held,
Under Loudon, as my author me teld,
He ſaw yam come, ſyne went to yaim in hye,
Bathe meite and drynk he brocht full priwale,

And

And to yaim tald ye carrage into playne,
Yair for rydar was paſt till Ayr agayne,
Left yaim to cum with power of gret waille,
Yai trowit be yan yai war in Awendaille.
Wallace yan ſaid, we will nocht ſoiorn her,
Nor change no weid, bot ouir ilk dayis ger.
At Corſſenton ye gait was ſpilt yat tyde,
For yai yat way behowid yaim for to ryde.
Ay fra ye tyme yat he of preſoune ferr,
Gud ſoummir weide dayly on hym he werr,
Gud lycht harnes, fra yat tyme, uſyt he euir,
For ſedeyn ſtryff fra it he wald nocht ſeuir.
A habergeon undyr hys goune he war,
A ſteylle capleyne in hys bonet but mar;
Hys glowis of plait in claith war couerit weille,
In hys doublet a cloſs coler of ſteylle;
Hys face he kepyt, for it was euer bar,
With hys twa hands, ye quhilk full worthi war.
Into hys weid, and he come in a thrang,
Was na man yan on fute mycht with hym gang.
So growane in pith, off pouer ſtark and ſtur,
Hys terribill dynts war awfull till endur.
Yai traſt mar in Wallace hym allane,
Yan in a hundreth mycht be of Ingland tane.
Ye worthi Scotts maid yar no ſoiornyng,
To Lowdoune hill paſt in gray dawning,
Dewyſit ye place, and putt yair horſs yaim fra,
Thocht to wyn, or neuir yus to ga,
Send twa thowrrours to wefy weylle ye playne;
Bot yai rycht ſone raturnde in agayne,

To Wallace tald yat yai wer comand faſt,
Than yai to grounde all kneland at ye laſt,
With humbill harts prayit all yair mycht,
To God abowne to help yaim in yar rycht;
Yan graithit yai yaim till harnes haſtely,
Yar fenzeit nane of yat gud chewalrye.
Yan Wallace ſaid, her was my fadyr ſlayne,
My brodyr als, quhilk dois me mekill payne,
So ſall myſelf, or wengyt be bot dreid,
Ye traytour is her cauſs was of yat deid.
Yan hicht yai all to byde with hartlie will.
Be yat ye power was takand Loudoun hill.
Ye Knycht Fenweik convoyed ye caryage,
He had on Scotts maid mony ſchrewde wiage.
Ye ſone was ryſyne our lands ſchenand brycht,
Ye Ingliſmen ſo yai come to ye ycht,
Ner yaim he raid and ſone the Scotts ſaw,
He tald hys men, and ſaid to yaim on raw,
Yhonne is Wallace, yat chapyt our priſoune,
He ſall agayne be drawyn throw ye toune;
Hys hede I waite, mycht mar weille, pleſs ye King,
Yan gold, or land, or ony wardly thing.
He gart ſerwands byde with ye cariage ſtill;
Yai thocht to dauntyt ye Scotts at yar will.
Nyne ſcore he led in harnes burnyſt brycht,
And fyfty was with Wallace in ye rycht.
Unraboytyt ye Sothroune was in wer,
And faſt yai cum feill awfull in affer.
A maner dyk of ſtanys yai had maid,
Narrowyt yai way quharthrow yai thikar raid.

Ye Scotts on fute tuk ye feld yaim befor,
Ye Sothroune faw ye currage was ye mor;
In prydefull ire yai thocht our yaim to ryde,
Bot othyrwyfs it hapnyt in yat tyde.
On aither fyde togeddyr faft yai glaid,
Ye Scotts on fute gret rowme about yaim maid,
With ponzeand fpers throuch plats preft of fteille,
Ye Inglifmen yat thocht to wenge yaim weille,
On harnyft horfs about yaim rudely raide,
Yat with unefs apon yair feit yai baide,
Wallace ye formaft in ye byrneis bar,
Ye grounden fper throuch hys body fchar,
Ye fhafft to fchonkit off ye frufchand tre,
Dewoydyde fone, fen na bettir mycht be;
Drew fuerds fyne, bathe hewy fcharp and lang,
On aither fyde full cruelly yai dang.
Fechtand at anys into yat felloune dout,
Yan Inglifmen inwerond yaim about,
By force etlyt throuch out yaim for to ryde.
The Scotts on fute yat baldly couth abyde,
With fuerds fchar throuch habergeons full gude,
Apon ye flours fchot ye fchonkan blude,
Fra horfs and men throw harnyfs burnyft beyne,
A fair failzie forfuth yair mycht be feyne,
Yai traiftyt na lyff bot ye lettir end,
Off fa few folk, gret nobilnefs was kend,
Togydder baid defendan yaim full faft,
Durft nane feuer quhill ye maift prefs was paft.
Ye Inglifmen, yat befy was in wer,
Be forfs ordand in fondyr yaim to ber:

Yair

Yair cheyff Cheftyan feryt als ferſs as fyre,
Throw matelent, and werray propir ire,
On a gret horſs, intill hys glittrand ger,
In fewtir keſt a felloune aſpre ſper,
Ye Knycht Fenweik yat cruell was and keyne,
He had at dede of Wallace fadyr beyne,
And hys brodyr yat douchty was and der,
Quhen Wallace ſaw yat falſs knycht was ſo ner,
Hys corage grew in ire as a lyoune,
Till hym he ran and fell frekis bar he doune;
As he glaid by awkwart he couth him ta,
The and arſon in ſondyr gart he ga;
Fra ye courſour he fell on ye fer ſyde,
Wyth a ſtyff ſuerd Boyd ſtekyt hym yat tyde.
Or he was dede, ye gret preſs come ſo faſt,
Our hym to grounde yai bur Boyd at ye laſt.
Wallace was ner, and ratornde agayne
Hym to reſkew, till yat he raiſs of ye playne
Mychtly hym wor quhill he a ſuerd had tane,
Throw out ye ſtur yir twa in feyr ar gayne.
The remanand apon yaim folowit faſt,
In yar paſſage fell Sothroune maid agaſt.
Adam Wallace, ye ayr of Ricardtoun,
Straik ane Bewmound, a ſqueir of renoun,
On ye pyſſan, with hys hand burnyſt bar,
Ye thruſande blaid hys halſs in ſondyr ſchar.
Ye Ingliſmen, thocht yar Cheyftan was ſlayne,
Bauldly yai baid, as men mekill of mayne.
Rech horſs repende rouſchede frekis undir feit,
Ye Scotts on fute gert mony loiſs ye ſuete.

Wycht men lychtit yaimſelf for to defend,
Quhar Wallace come yair deid was litill kend,
Ye Sothroune part ſo fruſched was yat tyde,
Yat in ye ſtour yai mycht na langar byde.
Wallace in deide he wrocht ſo worthely,
Ye Squeir Boid, and all yair chewalrie,
Littill, Kneland, gert off yair enemyſs de.
Ye Inglifmen tuk playnly part to ſle,
On horffis ſum, to ſtrenthis part can ſound
To ſoccour yaim, with mony werkand wound.
A hundreth dede in feild was lewyt yar,
And thre yemen yat Wallace menyde mar,
Twa war of Kyle, and ane of Cunyngayme,
With Robert Boid to Wallace com fra hayme.
Four ſcor fled, yat chapyt on ye ſouth ſyde.
Ye Scotts, in place yat bauldly couth abyde,
Spolzied ze feild, gat gold and oyir ger,
Harnes and horſs, quhilk yai myſtrit in wer.
The Inglis knawis yai gart yair caryage leid
To Clyds foreſt; quhen yai war out of dreid,
Yai band yaim faſt with wedeis ſad and ſar,
On bowand treis hangyit yaim rycht yar,
He ſparyt nane yat abill was to wer,
Bot wemen and preyſtis he gart yaim ay forber.
Quhen yus doyne, to yair denyr yai went,
Off ſtuff and wyne yat God had to yaim ſent.
Ten ſcor yai wan of horſs yat cariage bur,
With flour and wyne as mekill as yai mycht fur,
And oyir ſtuff yat yai off Carleile led.
Ye Sothroune part out off ye feild yat fled,

With

With forow ſocht to ye Caſtell of Ayr,
Befor ye lord, and tauld hym off yair cayr,
Quhat gud yai loſt, and quha in feild was ſlayne,
Throw wycht Wallace yat was mekill of mayne,
And quhow he had gart all yair ſerwands hang.
Ye Perſye ſaid, and yat ſqueir leſt lang,
He ſhall us exille out of yis contre cleyne,
Sa diſpytfull in wer was neuir ſeyne.
In our preſoune her laſt quhen yat he was,
Our ſlouthfully our kepars lett hym paſs.
Yis ſtuff our land I fynde may nocht weille be,
We mon ger bryng our wittaill be ye ſe:
Bot loſs our men it helpis us rycht nocht,
Yair kyne may ban yat euir we hyddyr ſocht.
Latt I yaim yus, blamand yair ſory chance,
And mar to ſpek of Scotts men gouernance.
Quhen Wallace had weylle wenquiſt to ye playne,
Ye falſs terand yat had hys fadyr ſlayne,
Hys brodyr als quhilk was a gentill knycht,
Oyir gud men befor to dede yai dycht,
He gert dewiſs, and prowide yair wictaille;
Baith ſtuff and horſs yat was of gret awaille,
To freinds about priwalye yai ſend,
Ye remanand full glaidlye yar yai ſpend.
In Clyds wode yai ſoiournyt xx dayis,
Na Sothroune yat tyme was perſawyt in yar wayis,
Bot he tholyt dede yat come in yar danger,
Ye worde of hym walkyt baith fer and ner.
Wallace was knawin on lyff leyffand in playne,
Yocht Ingliſmen yaroff had gret payne.

Ye Erle Perſye to Glaſkow couth he fair,
With wyſs lords and held a conſell yair.
Quhen yai war mett, weylle ma na x thowſand,
Na Chyſtan was yat tyme durſt tak on hand,
To lede ye range on Wallace to aſſaill.
He ſperyt about, quhat was ye beſt conſaill.
Schyr Amar Wallange, a falſs traytour ſtrange,
In Bothweill duelt, and yar was yaim amange,
He ſaid, my lord, my conſaill will I giff,
Bot ye do it, fra ſcaith ye may nocht ſcheyff,
Zhe mon tak peſs, without mar tarying,
As for a tyme we may ſent to ye King.
Ye Perſye ſaid, of owr trewis he will nane,
Ane awfull Chyſtan trewly he is ane,
He will do mar, in faith, or yat he blyne;
Sothroune to ſla he thynks it na ſyne.
Schyr Amar ſaid, trewis it words tak,
Quhill eftir for hym prowiſioune we may mak;
I knaw he will do mekill for hys kyne,
Sentryſs and trewth ay reſts hym within.
Hys uncle Schyr Ranald may mak yis band;
Gyff he will not, racunnyſs all hys land
On to ye tyme yat he yis werk haiff wrocht.
Schyr Ranald was ſone to yat conſell brocht;
Yai chargyt hym to mak Wallace at peſs,
Or he ſuld paſs to Londone withowtyn leſs.
Schyr Ranald ſaid, lords, yhe knaw yis weille,
At my cummande he will not do a deille,
Hys worthi kyn diſpitouſly ze ſlew,
In preſoune ſyne ner to ye dede hym threw;

He

He is at large, and will nocht do for me,
Thoch ye yarfor, rycht now ſuld ger me de.
Schyr Amar ſaid, yar lords ſone ſall ſend
On to ye King, and mak a final end
Off hys cunqueſt, forſuth he will it haiff,
Wallace na yow ma nocht yis Kynryk ſaiff.
Mycht Edwarde King get hym, for gold or land,
To be hys man, yan ſuld he bruk Scotland.
Ye lords bade ceſs, yow excedes to yat knycht
For mair be trewth yan it is ony rycht;
The wrange conqueſt our King deſirs ay,
On hym or us it ſall be ſeyne ſome day.
Wallace has rycht, baith forſs and fayr fortoune,
Ze hard quhow he eſchapyt our preſoune,
Yus ſayd yat Lord, ſyne prayit Schyr Ranald fair,
To mák yis peſs, yow Schirreff art of Air,
As for a tyme we may awiſyt be,
Undyr my ſeylle I ſall be bound to ye
For Ingliſmen, yat yai ſall do hym nocht,
Nor to no Scotts leſs it be on yaim ſocht.
Schyr Ranald yocht he mycht yaim not ganeſtand,
Off Lorde Perſye he has reſawyt yis band.
Perſyes war trew, and ay off full gret waill,
Sobyr in peſs, and cruell in battaill.
Schyr Ranald bownde apon, ye morn but baid,
Wallace to ſeke in Clyds foreſt braid;
So he hym fand bownand to hys dyner.
Quhen yai had ſeyne yis gud knycht was ſo ner,
Weylle he hym knew, and tauld yaim quhat he was,
Merwaille he had quhat gart hym hyddir paſs,

Maide

Maide hym gud cheyr of meytts freſche and fyne,
King Edwards ſelf coud nocht get bettir wyne
Yan yai had yar, warnage and wenyſoune
Off beſtiall into full gret fuſioune.
Syne eſtir meit, he ſchew yaim off hys deide,
Quhow he had beyne into ſa mekill dreide.
Now, he ſaid, wyrk part of my conſaill,
Tak peſs a quhill, as for ye mair awaill,
Bot yow do ſo, forſuth yow dois gret ſyne,
For yai ar ſett till undo all yi kyne.
Yan Wallace ſaid, till gud men hym about,
I will na peſs for all yis felloune dout,
Bot giff it pleſs bettir to yow yan me.
Ye Squeir Boyde hym anſueryt ſoberlye,
I giff conſaill, or yis gud knycht be ſlayne,
Tak peſs a quhill, ſuppoſs it do us payne.
So ſaid Adam ye ayr of Ricardtoune,
And Kneland als grantyt to yair opynyoun.
With yair conſent Wallace yis peſs has tayne,
As hys Eyme wrocht, till ten moneth war gayne.
Yair leyff yai tuk, with conforde into playn,
Santt Jhone to borche yai ſuld meyt haille agayn.
Boyde and Kneland paſt to yar plac's hame,
Adam Wallace to Ricardtoun by nayme,
And Wilzham furth till Schyr Ranald can ryde,
And hys houſhald, in Corſby for to byde.
Yis peſs was cryede in Auguſt moneth myld;
Yhet God of battaill furius and wyld,
Mars and Juno ay dois yair beſynes,
Cauſers of wer wyrkars of wykitnes;

And

And Venus als ye goddeſs of luſſ,
Wycht ald Saturn hys courſis till appruff;
Yis four ſcanſyte of diuerſs complexioune,
Battaill, debait, inwy, and deſtructioune,
I can nocht deyme for yair melancoly.
Bot Wallace weille coud not in Corſby ly,
Hym had leuir in trawaill for to be,
Rycht ſar he langyt ye toune of Ayr to ſe.
Schyr Ranald paſt fra hame apon a day.
Fyſteyne he tuk, and to ye toune went yai,
Coweryt hys face, yat na man mycht hym knaw,
Nothing hym roucht how few ennymyſs hym ſaw.
In ſobyr weide diſgyſyt weill war yai.
Ane Ingliſman, on ye gait ſaw he play
At ye ſcrymmags a Bukler on hys hand.
Wallace ner by in ſalouſchipe couth ſtand.
Lychtly he ſperde, quhi, Scott, dar yow nocht preiff?
Wallace ſaid, za, ſa yow wald gif me leiff.
Smyt on, he ſaid, I defy yne actioune.
Wallace yarwith has tane hym on ye crowne,
Throuch bukler, hand, and ye harn pan alſo,
To ye Schuldirs ye ſcharp ſuerd gert he go.
Lychtly raturnd till hys awne men agayne.
Ye wemen cryede, our Bukler Player is ſlayne.
Ye man was dede quhat neds words mair.
Feille men of armys about hym ſemblyt yair,
Sewen ſcor at anys agayne xvi war ſett:
Bot Wallace ſone weill with ye formeſt mett,
With ire and will on ye hede has hym tayne,
Throch ye brycht helm in ſondyr byrſt ye bayne.

Ane

Ane oythir braithlye on ye breyſt he bar,
Hys burnyſt blaid throuchout ye body ſchar.
Gret rowme he maid, hys men war fechtand faſt,
And mony a growme yai maid full ſair agaſt;
For yai war wycht, and weille uſyt in wer,
Off Ingliſmen rycht bauldly doune yai ber.
On yair enemyſs gret martyrdome yai mak,
Yair hardy Chyſtan ſo weille couth undyrtak,
Quhat Ingliſman yat baid into hys gait,
Contrar Scotland maid neuir mar debait.
Feile frekis on fold war fellyt undyr feit,
Off Sothroune blude lay ſtekyt in ye ſtreit.
New powir come fra ye caſtell yat tyde,
Yan Wallace dred, and drew towart aſyde,
With gud will he wald eſchewe ſuppriſs,
For he in wer was beſy, wycht and wyſs.
Harneſs and heds he hew in ſondyr faſt,
Be forſs out off ye thikeſt preyſs yai paſt.
Wallace raturnyde behynde hys men agayne,
At ye reſkew feile enymyſs has he ſlayn.
Hys men all ſamyn he out of perill brocht,
Fra hys enemyſs, for all ye powir yai mocht.
To yair horſs yai wan but mar abaide,
For danger yan to Laglayne wode yai raide,
Twenty and ten yai left into yat ſteide
Off Sothroune men yat bertynit war to deide.
Ye ramaynand agayne turnyt yat tyde,
For in ye wode yai durſt nocht hym abyde,
Towart ye toune yai drew with all yair mayne,
Curſand ye peſs yai tuk befor in playne.

Ye

Ye Lord Perſye in hart was gretly grewyt,
Hys men ſuppryſit agayne to hym relewyt,
And feille war dede into yair armour cler,
Thre of hys kyne yat war to hym full der.
Quhen he hard tell of yair gret grewance,
Yair ſelff was cauſs of yis myſchefull chance,
Murnyng he maid, thoch few Scotts it kend.
A herald yan to Schyr Ranald he ſend,
And tald till hym of all yis feydand caſs,
And chargyt hym tak fouerty of Wallace,
He ſuld hym kepe fra marcate towne or fair,
Quhar he mycht beſt be out of yair rapair.
Ye Sothroune wyſt yat it was wycht Wallace
Had yaim ourſet into yat feydand caſs:
Yair trewis for yis yai wald nocht brek adeill.
Quhen Wallace had yis chance eſchewyt weille,
Apon ye nycht fra Lagleyne hayme he raid,
In Chammers ſone yair reſidence yai maid.
Apon ye morn, quhen yat ye day was lycht,
Wycht Wallace went with Schyr Ranald ye knycht,
Schew hym ye wrytt Lord Perſye had hym ſent,
Der ſone, he ſaid, yis war my haille entent,
Yat yow wald grant, quhill yar trewis wor worn,
Na ſcaith to do till Inglifman yat is born,
Bot quhar I paſs dayly yow bid with me.
Wallace anſweryt, gud Schyr, yat may nocht be,
Rycht laith I war, der uncle, yow to greiff,
I ſall do nocht till tyme I tak my leyff,
And warn yow als or yat I fra yow paſs,
Hys Eyme and he yus weille accordyt was,

Wallace

Wallace with hym maid hys continuance,
Ilk wycht was blyth to do to hym plefance,
In Corfby yus he refyd yaim amang
Yai xvi dayis, fuppos hym thocht it lang.
Thocht yai mycht plefs hym as a prince or king,
In hys mynde zhet remaynit anoyir thing.
He faw his enemyfs maftirs in yis regioune,
Mycht nocht hym plefs thocht he war king with crowne.
Yus leyff I hym with hys der freinds ftill,
Off Inglifmen of fum part fpek I will.

EXPLICIT LIBER TERTIUS
ET INCIPIT QUARTUS.

THE

LIFE

OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, &c.

BOOK IV.

Wallace Kills Peircie's Men in Lennox—Wins the Peel of Gargunnock—Goes to Menteith—To Methven—To Perth—Wins Kinclevin—Skirmiſh of Shortwood-Shaws—Wallace Sold by his Leman at Perth.

IN September, ye humyll moneth ſuette,
Quhen paſſyt by ye hycht was off ye hette,
Wictaill and froyte ar rypyt in aboundance,
As God ordans to mannys gouernance.
Sagittarius with hys aſpre bow,
By ye ilk ſyng weryte ye may know
Ye changying courſs quhilk makis gret deference,
And lewyſs had loſt yair colour of pleſence.
All wardly thing has nocht bot a ſeſoune,
Baith erbe and froyte mon from hewyn cum doune.
In yis ilk tyme a gret conſell was ſett
Into Glaſkow quhar mony maſtris mett,
Off Inglis lords to ſtatute yis cuntre,
Yan chargyt yai all ſchirreffs yar to be.

Schyr Ranald Crawfurd behowide yat tyme be yar,
For he throw rycht was born Schirreff of Ayr.
Hys der neuo yat tyme with hym he tuk,
Wilzham Wallace, as witnes bers ye buk;
For he na tyme ſuld be fra hys ſycht,
He luffyt hym with hart and all hys mycht.
Yai graith yaim weille without langer abaid,
Wallace ſum part befor ye court furth raid,
With hym twa men yat douchty war in deid,
Our tuk ye child Schyr Ranalds ſoume couth leid,
Saftlye yai raid quhill yai ye court ſuld knaw,
So ſedaynly yat Heſilden he ſaw
Ye Perſyes fowme in quhilk gret riches was,
Ye horſs was tyryt, and mycht no fordyr paſs.
Fyfe men was chargyt to kepe it weill yat tyde,
Twa was on fute and thre on horſs couth ryde
Ye maiſtir man at yir ſerwands can ſper,
Quha aw yis fowme ye ſuth yow to me ler.
Ye man anſuerd withowtyn words mar,
My lords, he ſaid, quhilk Schirreff is of Ayr.
Sen it is his hys horſs ſall with us gang
To ſerwe our lord, or ellis me think gret wrang;
Thoch a ſubjet in deid wald paſs hys lord,
It is not lewyt be na rychtwyſs racord.
Yai cutt ye brayſs and leyt ye harneſs faw.
Wallace was ner; quhen he ſic reury ſaw,
He ſpak to yaim with manly contenance,
In fayr afforme, he ſaid, but wariance,
Ze do us wrang and it in tyme of peſs
Off ſic rubry was ſufficiance to ceſs.

Ye

Ye Sothroune ſchrew in ire anſuerd hym to,
It ſall be wrocht as yow may ſe us do,
Yow getts no mends, quhat wald yow words mar.
Sadly awiſyt Wallace remembrith hym yar
On ye promyſs he maid hys Eyme befor;
Reſoune hym rewllyt, as yan he did na mor.
Ye horſs yai tuk for awentur mycht befall,
Laid on yair ſoume, ſyne furth ye way couth call.
Yar tyrit ſowmir ſo left yai into playne.
Wallace raturnyt towart ye court agayne,
In ye murſyde ſone with hys Eyme he mett,
And tauld quhow yai ye way for hys men ſett;
And war nocht I was bonde in my legiance,
We partyt nocht yus for all ye gold in France;
Ye horſs yai reft quhilk ſuld your harnes ber.
Schyr Ranald ſaid, yat is bot litill her,
We may get horſs and gud in playne,
And men be loſt we get neuir agayne.
Wallace yan ſaid, als wiſely God me ſawe
Off yis gret myſs I ſall amendis hawe,
And noyir latt for peſs na your pleſance;
With witnes her I giff up my legiance,
For cowartlye ye lik to tyne your rycht,
Yourſelff ſone ſyne to dede yai think to dycht.
In wraith yarwith away fra hym he went.
Schyr Ranald was wyſs, and treſt in his entent,
And ſaid I will byde at ye Mernys all nycht;
So Ingliſmen may deyme us no unrycht
Giff ony be deide befor us apon caſs
Yat we in law may byde ye rychtwyſſneſs

Hys lugyng tuk, ſtill at ye Mernyſs baid,
Full gret murning he for hys neuo maid:
Bot all for nocht quhat mycht it hym awaill,
As intill wer he wrocht not hys conſaill.
Wallace raid furth, with hym twa zemen paſt,
Ye ſowmer man he folowyt wondyr faſt,
Be eſt Cathcart he our heyde yaim agayne;
Yan knew yai weille yat it was he in playne,
Ye horſs and weide, yat argownd yaim befor.
Ye fyve to yaim retornde withouttyn mor.
Wallace to ground fra hys courſer can glyde,
A burnyſt brand he bradyt out yat tyde,
Ye maiſtir man with ſa gud will ſtraik he,
Baithe hatt and hede he gert in ſondyr fle.
Ane oyir faſt apon ye face he gaiff,
Till dede to ground, but mercy, he hym draiff.
Ye thrid he hytt with gret ire in yat ſteid,
Fey on ye feld he has hym left for deid.
Wallace ſlew thre, by yat hys zemen wycht,
Ye toyir twa derfly to dede yai dycht.
Syne ſpoilzeid yai ye harnes or yai wend,
Off ſiluer and gold aboundandlye to ſpend.
Jowells yai tuk, yai beſt was choſyn yar,
Gud horſs and ger ſyne on yair wayis can fayr.
Yan Wallace ſaid, at ſum ſtrenth wald I be.
Our Clyd yat tyme yar was a bryg of tre,
Thyddir yai paſt in all yair gudlye mycht,
Ye day was gayne, and cummyn was ye nycht.
Yai durſt nocht weille ner Glaſkow ſtill abyde,
In ye Lennox he tuk purpoſs to ryde,

And

And ſo he dyde, ſyne lugyt yaim yat nycht
As yai beſt moucht, quhill yat ye day was brycht.
Till ane oſtrye he went, and ſoiorned yar
With trew Scotts, quhilk all hys freynds war.
Ye conſaill mett rycht glaidly on ye morne,
Bot fell tythings war brocht Perſye beforne,
Hys men war ſlayne, hys treſour als bereft
With fell Scotts, and yai na jowells left.
Yai demyde about of yat derff doutouſs caſs,
Ye Sothronne ſaid, forſuth it is Wallace.
Ye ſchirreffs court was cumand to the toune,
And he as ane for Scott of maiſt renoune.
Yai gert go ſeik Schyr Ranald in yat rage,
Bot he was yan zeit ſtill at herbryage.
Sum wyſs men ſaid, heroff nathing he kend,
Ye men war ſlayne rycht at ye tounis end.
Schyr Ranald come by ten houris of ye day,
Befor Perſye yan ſeir men brocht war yai;
Yai folowit hym of felouny yat was wrocht.
Ye ſiyſs of yis couth ſay to hym rycht nocht.
Yai demede about of yat feill ſodeyne cas,
Befor ye juge yar he denyt Wallas;
And ſo he mycht, he wyſt not quhar he was.
Fra yis conſaill my purpoſs is to paſs,
Off Wallace ſpek, in wyldirnes ſo wyde,
Ye Eterne God hys gouernour be and gyde.
Styll at ye place four dayis he ſoiornyt haille,
Quhill tythings come till hym fra yair conſaill.
Yan ſtatute yai, in ilk ſteide of ye weſt,
In yar boundis Wallace ſuld haiff no reſt.

Hys der uncle gret ayth yai gert hym fuer,
Yat he but leiff fuld no freindſchipe hym ber;
And mony oythir was full woo yat day.
Robert ye Boyde ſtall off ye toune hys way,
And Kneland als befor with hym had beyne.
Zai had leuir haif ſeyne hym with yair eyne,
Leyffand in lyff, as yai knew hym befor,
Yan of cler gold a fyne mylzone and mor.
Foide wepyt for, ſaid, our Leidar is gayne,
Amang our fayis he is ſett hym allayne.
Yan Kneland ſaid, fals fortoune changis faſt,
Gret God ſen we had euir with hym paſt.
Edward Litill in Annadyrdaill is went,
And wait rycht nocht of yis newe jugement.
Adam Wallace baid ſtill in Ricardtoune.
So fell yus with Wallace of renoune,
He with power partyt marwalufly,
Be fortoune chance ourturnys doubilly.
Yair petuouſs meyne as yan couth nocht be bett,
Yai wyſt na wyt quhar yat yai ſuld hym gett.
He left ye place, quhilk he in lugyng lay,
To Erle Malcome he went apon a day.
Ye Lennox haile he had ſtill in hys hand,
Till King Edwarde he had not yan maid band.
Yat land is ſtrait, and maiſterfull to wyn,
Gud men of armyſs yat tyme war it within.
Ye lord was traiſt, ye men ſekyr and trew,
With waik power yai durſt hym nocht perſew.
Rycht glaid he was of Wallace company,
Welcumyt hym fayr with worſchipe reuerendlye,

At

At hys awne will deſyrit, gyff he wald,
To byde yair ſtill maiſtir off hys houſhald,
Off all hys men he ſuld haille Chyftane be.
Wallace anſwerd, yat war yneuch for me,
I can not byde, my mynde is ſett in playne
Wrokyn to be, or ellys de in ye payne;
Our weſt cuntre yar ſtatute is ſa ſtrang,
Into ye north my porpoſs is to gang.
Stewyn of Irland yan in ye Lennox was
With wycht Wallace, he ordaynyt hym to paſs,
And oyir als yat borne war of Argill.
Wallace ſtill yair reſedence maid a quhill,
Quhill men it wyſt, and ſemblyt ſone hym till,
He chargyt nane but at yair awn gud will;
For yai war ſtrang, zeitt he couth nocht yaim dreid,
Bot reſawit all in wers yaim to leid.
Sum part of yaim was into Irland borne,
Yat Makfadzan had exilde furth beforne,
King Edwards man he was ſuorn of Ingland,
Off rycht law byrth ſuppoſs he tuk on hand.
To Wallace yar come ane yat hecht Fawdoun,
Melancoly he was of complexioun,
Hewey of ſtatur, dour in hys contenance,
Sorroufull, ſadde, ay dreidfull but pleſance.
Wallace reſawit quhat man wald cum hym till,
Ye bodylye ayth yai maid hym with gud will
Befor the Erle, all with a gud accord,
And hym reſawyt as Captane and yair Lord.
Hys ſpecial men, yat cum with hym fra haime,
Ye tane hecht Gray, ye toyir Kerle be naime,

In

In hys ſerwice come fyrſt with all yair mayne,
To Loudoun hill quhar yat Fenwick was ſlayne;
He yaim cummandyt ay next hym to perſew,
For he yaim kend rycht hardye wyſs and trew.
Hys leyff he tuk rycht on a fayr maner;
Ye gud Erle yan he bad hym gyfts ſer.
Wallace wald nayne, bot gaiff off hys fell ſyſe,
To pair and rych, apon a gudlye wyſs.
Humyll he was, hardy, wyſs and fre,
As off rycheſs he held na propyrte;
Off honour, worſchipe, he was a merour kend,
Als he off gold had boundandlye to ſpend.
Upon hys fayis he wan it worthely.
Yus Wallace paſt, and hys gud chewalry.
Sexty he had off lykly men at wage,
Throch ye Lennox he led yaim with curage.
Abown Lekle he lugyt yaim in a waille.
A ſtrenth yair was quhilk yai thocht till affaille;
On Gargownno was byggyt a ſmall peill,
Yat warnyſt was with men and wittaill weill,
Within a dyke, bathe cloſs chawmer and hall;
Captayne yaroff to nayme he hecht Thriwall.
Yai led Wallace quhar yat yis byggyng was
He thocht to affaill it ferly or he wald paſs.
Twa ſpyiſs he ſend to weſy all yat land,
Rycht laithe he was ye thing to tak on hand,
Ye quhilk, befors, yat ſuld gang hym agayne,
Leuir had he throw awentur be ſlayne.
Yir men went furth as it was large mydnycht,
About yat houſs yai ſpyit all at rycht.

Ye

Ye Wachman was hewy fallen on ſleipe,
Ye bryg was doune yat ye entre fuld keipe,
Ye lauborers lait rakleſlye went in
Yir men retornede, withoutyn noyeſs or dyn,
To yair maiſtir, told hym as yai had ſeyne,
Than grathit ſone yir men of armyſs keyne:
Sadlye on fute on to ye houſs yai ſocht,
And entryt in, for lattyn fand yai nocht.
Wycht men aſſayede with all yair beſy cur,
A loklate bar was drawyn ourthourth ye dur,
Bot yai mycht nocht it brek out of ye waw.
Wallace was grewyt quhen he ſic tary ſaw,
Sum part amowed, wraithly till it he went,
Be forſs off hands he raiſt out of ye ſtent,
Thre zerde of breide als off ye wall puld out.
Yan merweld all hys men yat war about,
Quho he did mair yan xx off yaim mycht;
Syne with hys fute ye zett he ſtraik up rycht,
Quhill braiſs and band to byrſt all at anyſs.
Ferdely yai raiſs, yat war into yai wanyſs.
The wachman had a felloune ſtaff of ſteill,
At Wallace ſtraik, bot he kepyt hym weill,
Rudely fra hym he reft it in yat thrang,
Dang out hys harnyſs, ſyne in ye dyk hym flang.
Ye remaynand be yat was on yair feit,
Yus Wallace ſone can with ye capteyn meit,
Yat ſtaff he had, heivy and forgyt new,
With it Wallace apon ye heide hym threw,
Quhill bayn and brayn all into ſondyr zeid.
Hys men entryt, yat worthi war in deid,

In

In hands hynt, and ſtekit all ye laiff.
Wallace cummandede yai ſuld na wer men ſaiff.
Twenty and twa yai ſtekyt in yat ſteid.
Wemen and barnys, quhen yat ye men war deid,
He gert be tayn, in cloſs houſs kepyt weill,
So yai without yaroff mycht haiff no feill.
Yai dede bodyes yai put ſone out of ſycht,
Tuk up ye bryg or yat yai day was lycht.
In yat place baid four dayis or he wald paſs,
Wyſt nane without quhow yat yis matir was,
Spoilzeide yat ſteid, and tuk yaim ganand ger,
Jowells and gold away with yaim yai ber.
Quhen hym thocht tyme yai iſchede on ye nycht,
To ye next wode yai went with all yir mycht.
Ye captenys wiff, wemen, and childer thre,
Paſs quhar yai wald, for Wallace leit yaim be.
In yat foreſt he lykyt nocht to bide,
Yai bownyt yaim our Forth for to ryde.
Ye moſs was ſtrang, to ryde yaim was na but.
Wallace was wycht and lychtyt on hys fute.
Few horſs yai had, litill yaroff yai roucht,
To ſawe yair lywis feille ſtrenthis oft yai ſocht.
Stewyn of Irland he was yair gyd yat nycht
Towart Kincardyn, ſyne reſtyt yar at rycht
In a foreſt, yat was bathe lang and wyde,
Rycht fra ye moſs grew to ye wattir ſyde.
Eſtre ye ſone Wallace walkit about
Upon Teth ſyde, quhar he ſaw mony rout
Off myld beſtis wawerand in wode and playn,
Sone at a ſchot a gret hart has he ſlayn.

Slew

Slew fyre on flynt, and graithit yaim at rycht,
Sedenlye yair freſche veneſoun yai dycht.
Wittaill yai had, bathe breid, and wyne ſo cler,
With oyir ſtuff yneuch at yair dyner.
Hys ſtaff of ſteill he gaiff Kerly to kepe,
Syne paſſyt our Tethe wattir ſo depe;
Into Straithern yai entryit ſedeynly,
In couert paſt, or Sotheroune ſuld yaim ſpy.
Quhen at yai fand of Scotlands Aduerſouris,
Without reſpyt cummyn was yair fatell houris.
Quham euir yai mett was at ye Inglis fay,
Yai flew all doune without langer delay.
Yai ſparyt nane yat was of Inglis blude,
To dede he zeid thoeh he war neuir ſo gude;
Yai ſawit noyir knycht, ſqueir, nor knaiff.
Yis was ye grace yat Wallace to yaim gaiff;
Bot waſtyt all be worthines of wer,
Off yat party yat mycht weild bow or ſper.
Sum part be flycht, ſum throw forſs yai flew,
Bot Wallace thocht yai ſtroyit nocht halfenew.
Siluer yai tuk, and als gold yat yai fand,
Oyir gud ger full lychtly zeid be hand;
Cuttyt throtts, and into caivyſs yaim keſt,
Put out of ſycht, for yat hym thocht was beſt.
At yai Blackfurd, as at yai ſuld paſs our,
A ſqueir come, and with hym bernys four.
Till Doun ſuld ryd and wend at yai had beyne
All Inglifmen, at he befor had ſeyne,
Tithings to ſper he howid yaim amang.
Wallace yarwith ſwyth with a ſuerd out ſwang,

Apon

Apon ye hede he ſtraik with ſo gret ire,
Throw bayne and brayn in ſondyr ſchar ye ſwyr.
Ye tothir four in hands ſone wer hynt,
Derfly to dede ſtekyt or yai wald ſtynt.
Yar horſs yai tuk, and quhat yaim likit beſt,
Spoilzied yaim bar, ſyne in ye brook yaim keſt.
Off yis mater no mar tary yai maid,
Bot furth yair way paſſit withouten baid.
Yir werlik Scotts all with one aſſent,
Northe ſo our Erne throchowt ye land yai went.
In Meſſan wode yair lugyng tuk yat nycht.
Upon ye morn, quhen it was dayis lycht,
Wallace raiſs up, went to the foreſt ſyde,
Quhar yat he ſawe full feill beſtis abyde,
Off wylde and tayme walkand haboundandlye.
Yan Wallace ſaid, yis contre likis me,
Wermen may do with fude at yai ſuld haiff,
Bot want yai meit yai rak nocht off ye laiff.
Off dyet fayr Wallace tuk neuir keip,
Bot as it cum welcum was meit and ſleip.
Sum quhill he had gret ſufficience within,
Now want, now has, now loſs, now can win,
Now lycht, now ſadd, now bliſsful, now in baill,
In haiſte now hurt, now ſorowfull, now haill,
Now weild and weylle, now cald weddyr, now heit,
Now moiſt, now drowth, now wawer and wynd, now weit.
So ferd with hym for Scotlands rycht full ewyn,
In feylle debait vi. zers and moneths ſewyn.
Quhen he wan peſs, and left Scotland in playne,

Ye

Ye Inglifmen maid new conqueft agayne.
In fruftyr termys I will nocht tary lang.
Wallace agayn untill hys men can gang,
And faid, her is a land of gret boundance,
Thankyt be God of hys hye perwyans,
Sewyn of yow fers graith fone, and ga with me,
Rycht for I lang Sanct Jhonftoune for to fe;
Stewyn of Irland, als God of Hewyn ye faiff,
Maiftir Leiddar I mak ye of ye laiff;
Kepe weill my men, latt nane out yi fycht,
Quhill I agayne fall cum with all my mycht;
Byde me fewyn dayis in yis foreft ftrang,
Ze may get fud fuppofs I duell fa lang;
Sum part ze haiff, and God will fend us mair.
Yus turnyt he, and to ye toune couth fair.
Ye Mar kepyt ye port of yat willage
Wallace knew weill, and fend hym hys meffage.
Ye Mar was brocht, faw hym a gudlye man,
Rycht reuarandlye he has refawyit yaim yan.
At hym he fperyt, all Scotts giff yai be.
Wallace faid, za, and it is pefs trow we.
I grant, he faid, yat likis us wondyr weill,
Trew men of pefs may ay fum freindfchipe feill;
Quhat is yowr nayme, I pray yow tell me it,
Will Malcomfone, he faid, fen ye will witt,
In Atryk foreft has my wennyng beyne,
Yar I was born amang ye fchawis fcheyne,
Now I defyr yis north land for to fe,
Quhar I mycht find bettyr dwellyng for me;
Ye Mar faid, fchyr, I fper nocht for nane ill,

Bot feill tithings oft fyifs is brocht us till,
Off ane Wallace was born into ye weſt,
Our Kings men he halds at gret unreſt,
Martyrs yaim doune, gret pete is to ſe,
Out of ye trewis, forſuth, we trow he be.
Wallace yan ſaid, I her ſpek of yat man,
Tithings off hym to yow nane tell I can.
For hym he gert ane Innys graithit be,
Quhar nane ſuld cum bot hys awne men and he.
Hys ſtwart Kerlye brocht yaim in fuſioune
Gud things eneuch quhat was in to ye toune.
Als Inglifmen to drynkyng wald hym call,
And commounly he delt nocht yarwithall:
In yar preſence he ſpendyt reſonably,
Zheitt for hymſelf he payit ay boundandlye.
On Scotts men he ſpendyt mekill gud,
Bot nocht hys thankis upon ye Sothroune blud.
Sone he conſawit in hys wytts prewalye,
Into yat land quha was of maiſt party.
Schyr Jamys Butler, ane agyt cruell knycht,
Kepyt Keynclewyn, a caſtell wondyr wycht.
Hys ſone Schyr Jhone yan duelt into ye toune,
Undyr Capteyn to Schyr Garraid Heroune.
Ye wemen als he wyſyt at ye laſt,
And ſo on ane hys eyne he can to caſt,
In ye ſouth gait of Faſſoun freſche and fayr;
Wallace to hyr maid prewalye rapayr.
So fell it yus, off ye toune or he paſt,
At ane accord yai hapnyt at ye laſt.
Wallace with hyr in ſecret maid hym glaid.

Sothroune

Sothroune wyſt nocht yat he ſic plefance baid:
Oft on ye nycht he wald ly hym fell,
Yis is fer wer yan ony payne of hell;
At yus, with wrang, yir dewillis ſuld bruk our land,
And we, with forſe, may nocht agayne yaim ſtand,
To tak yis toune my power is to ſmall,
Gret perill als on myſelf may fall;
Set we it in fyr, it will undo myſell,
Or loſs my men: yar is na mor to tell.
Zhetts ar cloſs, ye dykis depe with all.
Thoch I wald ſwyme, forſuth ſo can nocht all.
Yis mattir now herfor I will ourſlide,
Bot in yis toune I may no langar bide.
Als men tald hym quhen ye capteyne wald paſs
Hayme to Kynclewyn, quharoff glaid he was.
Hys leiff he tuk at has; of ye toune,
To Meſſane wode, rycht glaidly maid hym boune.
Hys horn he hynt, and bauldly loud can blaw,
Hys men hym hard, and yarto ſone couth draw.
Rycht blyth he was, for yai war all in fayr,
Mony tithyngs at hym yai wald nocht ſpeyr.
He yaim cummand to mak yaim redy faſt.
In gud array out off ye wode yai paſt;
Towart Kynclewyn yai bownyt yaim yat tyd,
Syne in a waill yat ner was yar beſyd.
Faſt on to Tay hys buſchement can he draw,
In a dern wode yai ſtellit yaim full law.
Set ſkouriours furth ye cuntre to aſpye,
Be ane our nowne thre for rydars went bye.
Ye wach turned into witt quhat was hys will;

He yaim commandyt in couert to bide ſtill,
And we call feyr, ye houſs knawlege will haiff,
And yat may ſone be warnyng to ye laiff,
All forſs in wer do nocht but gouernance.
Wallace was few, bot happy ordinance,
Maid hym fell ſyiſs hys aduerſours to wyn.
Be yat ye court of Ingliſmen come in,
Four ſcor and ten weill graithit in yair ger,
Harneſt on horſs, all lykly men of wer.
Wallace ſaw weill hys noumir was na ma,
He thankyt God, and ſyne ye feild couth ta.
Ye Ingliſmen merweild quhat yai ſuld be;
But fra yai ſaw yai maid for melle,
In fewtir yai keſt ſcharp ſpers at yat tyde,
In ire yai thocht attour ye Scotts to ryde.
Wallace and hys went cruelly yaim agayne.
At ye fyrſt ruſche feill Ingliſmen war ſlayne.
Wallace ſtraik ane with hys gud ſper of ſteill,
Throchout ye coſt, ye ſhafft to brak ilk deill;
A burnyſt brand in haiſt he hynts out,
Thryſs apon fute he thrang throw all ye rout.
Stern horſs yai ſteik ſuld men of armys ber,
Sum undir feit fulzeid was men of wer.
Butler lychtyt hymſelf for to defend,
Wycht men of armyſs quhilk was full worthi kend.
On aydir ſyde feill frekis war fechtand faſt.
Ye Captayne baid, thocht he war ſar agaſt,
Part of ye Scotts be worthines yai ſlew.
Wallace was wa, and towart hym he drew,
Hys men dred ſor ye Butler bauld and keyne,

On hym he ſocht in ire and propyr teyne;
Apon ye hed hym ſtraik in matelent,
Ye burnyſt blaid throw hys baſnett went,
Baith bayne and brayne he byrſt throw all ye weid,
Yus Wallace hand delyuerit yaim off dreid.
Zheitt feill on feld was fechtand cruelly,
Stewyn of Irland, and all ye chewalry,
Into ye ſtour did cruelly and weill,
And Kerle als with hys gud ſtaff of ſteill.
Ye Ingliſmen, fra yair Chyftane was ſlayne.
Yai left ye feild and fled in all yair mayne.
Thre ſcoyrs war ſlayne or yai wald leif yat ſteid.
Ye ſleande folk, yat wyſt off no rameid,
Bot to ye houſs yai fled in all yair mycht,
Ye Scotts folowit yat worthi war and wycht.
Few men of fenſs was left yat place to kepe,
Wemen and preiſts upon Wallace can wepe;
For weill yai wend ye ſlears was yar lord,
To tak hym in yai maid hym redy ford,
Leit doune ye bryg, keſt up ye zetts wyde.
The frayit folk entrit and durſt nocht byde.
Gud Wallace euir he folowit yaim ſo faſt,
Quhill in ye houſs he entryt at ye laſt;
Ye zett he wor, quhill cummyn was all ye rout,
Off Inglis and Scotts he held na man yarout.
Ye Ingliſmen, yat won war in yat ſteid,
Withoutyn grace yai bertnyt yaim to deid.
Ye Captaynis wiff, wemen, and preiſtis twa,
And zong childir, forſuth yai ſawit na ma,
Held yaim in cloſs eftir yis ſedeyn caſs,

Or Sothroune men ſuld ſege hym in yat place;
Tuk up ye bryg, and cloſyt zetts faſt,
Ye dede bodyes he out of ſicht gert caſt,
Bathe in ye houſs, and without at war dede,
Fyſe off hys awne to beryneſs he gart leid.
In yat caſtell yar ſewyn dayis baide he,
On ilka nycht yai ſpoilzeid beſyle.
To Schortwode Schaw leid wictaill and wyne wycht.
And houſshald ger, baith gold and ſiluer brycht.
Women, and yai yat he had grantyt grace,
Quhen hym thocht tyme, yai put out of yat place.
Quhen yai had tayne quhat he lykit to haiff,
Straik downe ye zhetts and ſet in fyr ye laiff.
Out of wyndowis ſtanſours all yai drew,
Full gret irn wark into ye wattir threw;
Burdyn durs and loks, in yair ire,
All wark of tre yai brynt up in a fyre.
Spylt at yai mycht, brak brig and bulwark doune.
To Schortwode Schawe in haiſt yai maid yaim boune,
Cheſyt a ſtrenth, quhar yai yair lugyng maid;
In gud affer a quhill yar ſtill he baid;
Zit in ye toune no witt off yis had yai.
Ye cuntre folk, quhen it was lycht of day,
Gret reik ſaw ryſs, and to Kynclewyn yai ſocht,
Bot walle and ſtane, mar gud yar fand yai nocht.
Ye Captayns wiff Sanct Jhonſtoune ſche zeid,
And to Schyr Garrate ſche tauld yis felloune deid;
Als till hyr ſone quhat hapnyt was by caſs.
Yan demyt yai all it was wycht Wallace;
Off fortyne yar he ſpyit had ye toune.

Yan

Yan chargyt yai all yai fuld be redy boune.
Harneſt on horſs into yair armour cler,
To ſeik Wallace yai went all furth in feyr.
A thouſand men weill garnyſt for ye wer,
Toward ye wode rycht awfull in effer,
To Schortwode Schaw, and ſet it all about,
Wyth fyfe ſtaillis yat ſtalwart was and ſtout;
Ye ſext yai maid a felloune rauge to leid,
Quhar Wallace was full worthi ay in deid.
Ye ſtrenth he tuk, and bade yaim hald it ſtill,
On ilka ſyde, aſſailze quha ſa will.
Schyr Jhone Butler into ye foreſt went
With twa hundreth, mowit in hys entent;
Hys fadyrs dede to wenge hym giff he mocht,
To Wallace ſone with men of armyſs ſocht.
A cleuch yar was, quharoff a ſtrenth yai maid
With thuortour treis, bauldly yar abaid.
Era ye ta ſyde yai mycht iſche till a playne,
Syne throch ye wode to ye ſtrenth paſs agayne.
Twenty he had yat nobill archars war,
Agaynis ſewyn ſcor of Ingliſmen bowmen ſar.
Four ſcor of ſpers ner hand yaim baid at rycht,
Giff Scotts iſchyt to helpe yaim at yair mycht.
On Wallace ſett a bykker bauld and keyne;
A bow he bair was byg and weille beſeyne,
And arrowſs als, baith lang and ſcharp with aw,
No man was yar yat Wallace bow mycht draw.
Rycht ſturk he was, and into ſeuir ger,
Bauldly he ſchot amang yai men of wer.
An angell hede to ye huks he drew,

And

And at a ſchoyt ye formaſt ſone he flew.
Inglis archars, yat hardy war and wycht,
Amang ye Scotts bykkeryt with all yair mycht;
Yair awfull ſchoyte was felloune for to byde,
Off Wallace men yai woundyt ſar yat tyde;
Few of yaim was ſekyr of archery,
Bettyr yai war and yai gat ewyn party,
In feild to byd, oyir with ſuerd or ſpeyr.
Wallace perſawit hys men tuk mekill deyr,
He gart yaim change, and ſtand nocht into ſteid,
He keſt all wayis to ſaiffe yaim fra ye deide.
Full gret trauaill apon hymſelf tuk he,
Off Sothroune men feill archars he gart de,
Off Longcaſchyr bowmen was in yat place.
A ſar archar ay waityt on Wallace,
At ane opyn, quhar he uſyt to rapayr,
At hym he drew a ſekyr ſchot and ſar,
Undyr ye chyn, throuch a coler of ſteill,
On ye left ſyde, and hurt hys halfs ſumdeill.
Aſtonaide he was, bot nocht gretlye agaſt,
Out fra hys men on hym he folowit faſt,
In ye turnyng, with gud will has hym tayne
Upon ye crag, in ſondyr ſtraik ye bayne.
Feill off yaim ma na freyndſchip with hym fand,
Fyfteyn yat day he ſchot to dede of hys hand.
Be yat hys arrowis wayſtyt war and gayne;
Ye Inglis archars forſuth yai wantyt nayne;
Without yai war yair power to ranew,
On ilka ſyde to yaim yai couth perſew.
Wilzham Loran come, with a bouſtouſs ſtaill,

Ott

Out of Gowry Wallace to aſſaill;
Neuo he was, as it was knawin in playne,
To ye Butler befor yat yai had ſlayne;
To wenge hys Eyme he come with all hys mycht,
Thre hundreth he led of men in armyſs brycht,
To leid ye range on fute he maid hym ford.
Wallace to God hys conſcience fyrſt remord,
Syne cumfort yaim with manly contenance,
Yhe ſe, gud ſchirs, he ſaid, yair ordinance,
Her is no choſs, bot oythir do or de,
We haiff ye rycht, ye happyar may it be,
Yat we ſall chaipe with grace out of yis land.
Ye Loran, by yat, was redy at hys hand.
Be yat it was eftirnown of ye day,
Feill men of witt to cunſaill ſone zeid yai.
Ye Sothroune keſt ſcharplye at ilka ſyde,
And ſaw ye wode was noythir lang na wyde.
Lychtly yai thought he ſuld hald it ſa lang,
Fyfe hundreth maid throuch it on fute to gang,
Sad men off armeſs yat war off eggyr will.
Schyr Garrats ſelf without ye wode baid ſtill.
Schyr Jhone Butler ze ta ſyde cheſyt he,
Ye tothyr Loran with a fell menzie.
Yan gud Wallace yat off help had gret neid,
Was fyſtye men in all yat felloune dreid.
Ane awfull ſalt ye Sothroune ſone began,
About ye Scotts focht mony likly man,
With bow and ſper, and ſuerds ſtiff off ſteill;
On aythir ſyde na freindſchip was to feill.
Wallace in ire a burly brand can draw,

Quhar

Quhar feill Sothroune war ſemblyt upon raw,
To fende hys men with hys der worthi hand,
Ye folk was fey yat he befor hym fand.
Throw ye thikkeſt off ye gret preiſs he paſt,
Upon hys enemyſs hewand woudyr faſt.
Agayne hys dynt na weids mycht awaill.
Quham ſo he hyt was dede withoutyn faill.
Off ye ferſeſt full braithlye bair he doune,
Befor ye Scotts yat war of gret renoune.
To hald ye ſtrenth yai preiſt with all yair mycht.
Ye Ingliſmen, yat worthi war and wycht;
Schyr Jhone Butler relewyit it agayne,
Sundryt ye Scotts and dyd yaim mekill payue;
Ye Loran als, yat cruell was and keyne,
A ſar aſſay forſuth yar mycht be ſeyne.
Yan at ye ſtrenth yai mycht na langar byde,
Ye range ſa ſtrang come upon aythir ſyde.
In ye thykkiſt wode yar maid yai felle defens,
Agayne yair fayis ſo full of wiolens;
Zit fell Sothroune left ye lyff to wed.
Till a new ſtrenth Wallace and hys men fled;
On aduerſowris yai maid full gret debait,
Bot helpe yamſelf na ſocour ells yai wait.
Ye Sothroune als war ſundryt yaim in twyn,
Bot yai agayne togydder ſone can wyn;
Full ſutellye yar ordinance yai maid,
Ye rang agayne bownyt but mar abaid
Ye Scotts war hurt, and part of yaim war ſlayne;
So fayr aſſay, yai couth not mak agayne.
Be yis ye oft approchand was full ner;

Yus

Yus wrandly yai held yaim upon ſter.
Quhen Wallace ſaw ye Sothroune was at hand,
Hym thocht na tyme langar for to ſtand,
Rycht manfully he graithit has hys ger,
Sadlye he went agayne ye men of wer;
Throw out ye ſtour full faſt fechtand he ſocht,
With Godds grace to wenge hym gif he mocht.
Upon ye Butler awfully ſtraik he,
Saiffgarde he gat undir a bowand tre,
Ye boncht in twa he ſtraike aboune hys hede;
Als to ye ground and feld hym in yat ſtede
Ye haill power upon hym cum ſo faſt,
At yai be ſors reſkewit hym at ye laſt.
Loran was wa, and yiddir faſt can draw.
Wallace ratornd, ſa ſedeynly hym ſaw;
Owt at a ſyde full faſt till hym he zeid,
He gat no gyrth for all hys burnyſt weid,
With ire hym ſtraik on hys gorgeat of ſteill,
Ye trenſand blaid to perſyt euery deill
Throw plaitt and ſtuff, mycht nocht agayne it ſtand;
Derflye to dede he left hym on ye land;
Hym haiff yai loſt thoch Sothroude had it ſuorn,
For hys crag bayne was all in ſondyr ſchorn.
Ye worthi Scotts did nobilly yat day
About Wallace, till he was woun away.
He tuk ye ſtrenth maugre yair fayis will,
Abondonly in bargan baid yar ſtill,
Ye ſory ſone raiſs, yat bauld Loran was dede.
Schyr Garrat Heroun tranontit to yat ſtede,
And all ye hoſt aſſemblyit hym about.

At

At ye north ſyde yan Wallace iſchet out,
With hym hys men, and bownyt hym to ga,
Thankand Gret God yat yai war partyt ſa.
To Gargyll wode yai went yat ſamyn nycht.
Sewyn of hys men yat day to dede war dycht;
In feld was left of ye Sothroune ſix ſcor,
And Loran als, yair murnyng was ye mor,
Ye range in haiſt yai rayit ſone agayne:
Bot quhen yai ſaw yair trawaill was in wayne,
And he was paſt, full mekill mayne yai maid
To rype ye wode bath wala ſlonk and ſlaid,
For Butlers gold Wallace tuk off befor:
Bot yai fand nocht, wald yai ſeke euirmor.
Hyſs horſs yai gat, and nocht ellis of hys ger.
With dulfull mayn retorned yair men of wer
To Sanct Jhonſtoune, in ſorow and gret cayr.
Off Wallace furth me likis to ſpek mar.
Ye ſecund nycht ye Scotts couth yaim draw,
Rycht priwaly agayne to Schortwode Schaw,
Tuk up yair gud, quhilk was put out of ſycht,
Cleithing and ſtuff, bathe gold and ſiluer brycht.
Upon yair fute, for horſs war yaim fra,
Or ye ſon raiſs, to Meſſen wode can ga;
Yar twa days our yair lugyng ſtill yai maid,
On ye thred nycht yai mowit but mar abaid.
Till Elkok Park full ſedeynly yai went,
Yar in yat ſtrenth to byde was hys entent.
Yan Wallace ſaid, he wald go to ye toune;
Arayit hym weill intill a preiſt lik goune;
In Sanct Jhoneſtone diſgyſyt can he fair,

Till

Till yis woman ye quhilk I ſpak of Air.
Off hys preſens ſche rycht reioſyt was,
And for a dreid, quhow he away ſuld paſs.
He ſoiornyt yar fra none was of ye day
Quhill ner ye nycht or yat he went away.
He tryſtyt hyr quhen he wald cum agayne,
On ye thrid day; yan was ſche wondyr fayne.
Zhett he was ſyne with enemyſs as he zeid;
To Schyr Garrat yai tauld of all hys deid,
And to Butler, yat wald haiff wrokyn beyne.
Yan yai gart tak yat woman brycht and ſcheyne,
Accuſyt hyr ſar of reſett in yat caſs:
Feyll ſyiſs ſche ſuour, yat ſche knew nocht Wallace.
Yan Butler ſaid, we wait weyle it was he,
And bot yow tell in bayle fyre ſall yow de;
Gyff yow will help to bryng yon rebell doune,
We ſall ze mak a ledy of ranoune.
Yai gaiff till hyr baith gold and ſiluer brycht,
And ſaid, ſche ſuld be weddyt with ane knycht,
Quham ſche deſyryt, yat was bot mariage.
Yus tempt yai hyr, throw cunſaill and gret wage,
Yat ſche yaim tald quhat tyme he wald be yar.
Yan war yai glaid; for yai deſyrit no mar
Off all Scotland, bot Wallace at yair will.
Yus ordaynyt yai yis poyntment to fullfill.
Feyle men off armes yai graithit haſtelye
To kepe ye zetts, wycht Wallace till aſpye.
At ye ſet tryſt he entryt in ye toune,
Wittand nothing off all yis falſs treſoune.
Till hyr chawmer he went but mair abaid.

Sche welcummyt hym, and full gret plefance maid.
Quhat at yai wrocht, I can nocht graithly fay,
Rycht unperfyt I am of Venus play:
Bot haiftelye he graithit hym to gang.
Yan fche hym tuk, and fperyt giff he thocht lang;
Sche afkyt hym yat nycht with hyr to byde.
Sone he faid, nay, for chance yat may betyde;
My men ar left all at mifrewill for me,
I may nocht flepe yis nycht quhill I yaim fe.
Yan wepyt fche, and faid, full oft allace,
Yat I was maide, wa worthe ye curfyt caufs!
Now haiff I loft ye beft man leiffand is;
O feble mynde, to do fa foull amyfs!
O waryit witt wykkyt and wariance,
Yat me has brocht into yis myfchefull chance!
Allace, fche faid, in warld yat I was wrocht,
Gyff all hys payne on myfelf mycht be brocht!
I haiff feruit to be brynt in a gleid.
Quhen Wallace faw fche ner of witt couth weid,
In hys armyfs he caucht hyr fobrely,
And faid, der hart, quha has myfdoyne ocht, I?
Nay, I, quoth fche, has falflye wrocht yis trayne,
I haiff yow fald, rycht now zhe will be flayne.
Sche tauld hym hyr trefoun till ane end,
As I haiff faid; quhat neds mair legend?
At hyr he fperyt, giff fche forthocht it far.
Wa, za, fche faid, and fall do euirmar;
My waryed werd in warld I mon fullfill,
To mend yis myfs I wald byrne on a hill.
He cumfort hyr, and baide hyr haiff no dreide.

I will, he ſaid, haiff ſum part of yi weid.
Hyr gowne he tuk on hym, and courcheſs als.
Will God I ſhall eſchape yis treſoune falſs,
I ye forgyff. Withowtyn words mair,
He kyſſyt hyr, ſyne tuk hys leiff to fayr.
Hys burly brand, yat helpyt hym offt in neid,
Rycht priwalye he hyd it undyr yat weid.
To ye ſouth zett, ye gayneſt way, he drew.
Quhart yat he fand of armyt men enew.
To yaim he tald, diſſemblyt cuntenance,
To ye chawmer, quhar he was upon chance,
Speid faſt, he ſaid, Wallace is lokyt in.
Fra hym yai ſocht withowtyn noyſs or din,
To yat ſamyn houſs, about yai can yaim caſt.
Out at ye zett Wallace gat full faſt,
Rycht glaid in hart; quhen yat he was without
Rycht faſt he zeide, a ſtour paiſs and a ſtout.
Twa hym beheld, and ſaid, we will go ſe,
A ſtalwart queyne, forſuth, zon ſemyſs to be.
Hym yai folowit throw ye South Ynche yai twa.
Quhen Wallace ſaw with yaim yar come na ma.
Agayne he turnde, and has ye formaſt ſlayne.
Ye toyir fled; yan Wallace, with gret mayne,
Upon ye hede, with hys ſuerd, has hym tayne,
Left yaim bathe dede, ſyne to the ſtrenth is gayne.
Hys men he gat, rycht glaid quhen yai hym ſaw;
Till yair defens in haiſt he gart yaim draw;
Denoydye hym ſone of ye womannys weide:
Yus chapyt he out of yat felloune dreid.

EXPLICIT LIBER QUARTUS
ET INCIPIT QUINTUS.

THE

LIFE

OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, &c.

BOOK V.

Wallace Escapes to Elcho Park—Kills Fawdon—At Gast-Hall—Ghost of Fawdon—Wallace Kills Butler—At Torwood—At Dundaf—Joined by Sir John Graham—At Kilbank—Visits Lanark—Falls in Love with Miss Braidfoot of Lamington—Who was desired in Marriage for Hesilrig's Son—Adventure at Lochmaban—Wallace Fights at Queensberry—Kills the Captain of Lochmaban—Takes Crawford Castle, and Kills the Captain.

YE dyrk regoune apperand wondyr fast,
In Nouember, quhen October was past,
Ye day failit throw ye rycht courss worthit schort,
Till banyst men yat is na gret cumfort;
With yair power in pethis worthis gang,
Hewy yai think quhen yat ye nycht is lang.
Yus Wallace saw ye nychts messynger,
Phebs had lost hys fyry bemyss cler.
Out of ye wode yai durst nocht turn yat tyde,
For aduersouris yat in yair way wald byde.

Wallace

Wallace yaim tauld yat new wer was on hand,
Ye Inglifmen was off ye toune cummand.
Ye dur yai brak, quhar yai trewit Wallace was,
Quhen yai hym myft, yai bownyt yaim to pafs.
In yis gret noyifs ye woman gat away,
Bot to quhat fteide I can nocht graithly fay.
Ye Sothroune focht rycht fadlye fra yat ftede,
Throw ye South Ynch and fand yir twa men dede.
Yai knew be yat Wallace was in ye ftrenth,
About ye Park yai fet on breid and lenth,
With fex hundreth weill graithit in yair armefs,
All likly men, to wrek yaim off yair harnefs.
A hundreth men chargyt in armes ftrang,
To kepe a hunde yat yai had yaim amang;
In Gyllfland yar was yat brachell brede,
Sekyr of fent to folow yaim at flede;
So was fche ufyt on Efk and on Ledaill,
Quhill fche gat blude no fleyng mycht awaill.
Yan faid yai all, Wallace mycht nocht away,
He fuld be yaris for ocht at he do may.
Ye oft yai delt in diuerfs parts yat tyde.
Schyr Garrat Heroune in ye ftaill can byde.
Schyr Jhon Butler ye range he tuk hym till,
With thre hundreth quhilk war of hardy will;
Into ye wode apon Wallace yai zeid.
Ye worthi Scotts, yat war in mekill dreid,
Socht till a place for till haiff ifchet out,
And faw ye ftaill enweronyt yaim about;
Agayne yai went with hydwyfs ftrakis ftrang,
Gret noyifs and dyne was rayffit yaim amang.

Yair cruell deide rycht marwelouſs to ken,
Quhen fortye macht agayne thre hundyr men.
Wallace faw weill apon hym tuk yat tyde,
Throw ye gret preyſs he maid a way full wyde;
Helpand ye Scotts with hys der worthi hand,
Fell faymen he left fey apon ye land.
Zhet Wallace loſt fyfeteyne apon yat ſteid,
And fortye men of Sothroune part war deid.
Ye Butlers folk ſo fruſchit war indeid,
Ye hardy Scotts to ye ſtrenthis throw yaim zeid,
On to Tay ſyde yai haſtyt yaim full faſt,
In will yai war ye wattir till haiff paſt;
Halff couth not ſwym yat yan with Wallace was,
And he wald nocht leiff ane and fra yaim paſs;
Bettir hym thocht in perell for to be
Upon ye land, yan wilfully to ſe
Hys men to droun, quhar reſkew mycht be nane;
Agayne in ire to ye feild ar yai gayne.
Butler be yan had put hys men in ray,
On yaim he ſett with ane awfull hard aſſay,
On ayir ſyde with wapynys ſtiff of ſteill.
Wallace agayne no freindſchipe lett yaim feill.
Bot do or de yai wyſt no mor ſocour,
Yus fend yai lang into yat ſtalwart ſtour.
Ye Scotts Chyftane was zong, and in a rage,
Uſyt in wer, and fechts with curage;
He ſaw hys men off Sothroune tak gret wrang,
Yaim to reweng all dreidles can he gang;
For mony of yaim war bledand wondyr ſar;
He couth not ſe no help apperand yar,

Bot

Bot yair Cheyftan war put out of yair gait,
Ye bryme Butler ſa bauldlye maid debait.
Throw ye greyt preyſs Wallace to hym ſocht,
Hys awful deide he eſchewyt as he mocht,
Undyr an ayk, with men about hym ſett.
Wallace mycht nocht a gret ſtraik on hym gett;
Zhett ſchede he yaim, a full royd ſlope was maid.
Ye Scotts went out, na langar yar abaid.
Stewyn of Irland, quhilk hardy was and wycht,
To helpe Wallace he did gret preyſs and mycht;
With trew Kerle douchty in mony deid,
Apon ye grounde feill Sothroune gart yai bleid.
Sexty war ſlayne of Ingliſmen in yat place,
And nyne of Scotts yar tynt was throch yat cace.
Butlers men ſa ſtroyit war yat tyde,
Into ye ſtour he wald na langar byde.
To get ſupple he ſocht on to ye ſtaill,
Yus loſt he yar a hundreth of gret waill.
As yai war beſt arayand Butlers rout,
Betuex parteys yan Wallace iſchit out;
Sexteyn with hym yai graithit yaim to ga,
Of all hys men he had lewyt no ma.
Ye Ingliſmen has myſſyt hym, in hy
Ye hund yai tuk, and folowit haiſtely.
At ye Gaſk wode full fayne he wald haiff beyne;
Bot yis ſloth brache, quhill ſekyr was and keyne,
On Wallace fute folowit ſo felloune faſt,
Quhill in yair ſycht yai prochyt at ye laſt.
Yair horſs war wycht, had ſoiorned weill and lang;
To ye next wode twa myil yai had to gang,

Off

Off upwith erde; yai zeid with all yair mycht,
Gud hope yai had for it was ner ye nycht.
Fawdoune tyryt, and faid, he mycht nocht gang.
Wallace was wa to leiff hym in yat thrang.
He bade hym ga, and faid ye ftrenth was ner;
Bot he yarfor wald nocht faftir hym fter.
Wallace in ire on ye crag can hym ta,
With hys gud fuerd and ftrak ye hed hym fra.
Dreidlefs to ground derfly he dufchit dede.
Fra hym he lap, and left hym in yat ftede.
Sum demys it to ill, and othyr fum to gud;
And I fay her, into yir termys rude,
Bettir it was he did, as thynkys me,
Fyrft, to ye hunde it mycht gret ftoppyn be,
Als Fawdoun was haldyn at fufpicioun,
For he was haldyn of brokill complexioun.
Rycht ftark he was, and had bot litill gayne,
Yus Wallace wyft. Had he beyne left allayne,
And he war falfs, to ennymyfs he wald ga,
Gyff he war trew, ye Sothroune wald hym fla;
Mycht he do ocht but tyne hym as it was.
Fra yis queftioun now fchortlye will I pafs.
Deyme as yhe left, ze yat beft can and may,
I bot raherfs as my autour will fay.
Sternys, be yan, began for till apper,
Ye Ingliſmen war cummand wondyr ner;
Fyffe hundreth haill was in yair chewalry,
To ye next ftrenth yan Wallace couth hym hy.
Stewyn of Irland, unwitting of Wallace,
And gud Kerle, baid ftill ner hand yat place,

At

At ye mur ſyde, intill a ſcroggy ſlaid,
Be eſt Dipplyne quhar yai yis tary maid.
Fawdoun was left beſyde yaim on ye land;
Ye power come and ſedeynly hym fand;
For yair ſloth hund ye graith gait till hym zeid,
Off oyir trade ſche tuk as yan no heid.
Ye ſloth ſtoppyt, at Fawdoune ſtill ſche ſtude,
No forthir ſche, wald fra tyme ſche fand ye blude.
Inglifmen demyt, for ells yai couth nocht tell,
Bot at ye Scotts had fochtyn amang yaim ſell.
Rycht wa yai war yat loſyt was yair ſent.
Wallace twa men amang ye oft in went,
Diſſemblyt weylle, yat no man ſuld yaim ken,
Rycht in effer, as yai war Inglifmen.
Kerle beheld on to ye bauld Heroun,
Upon Fawdoune as he was lukand doun,
A ſuttell ſtraik upwart hym tuk yat tyde,
Undir ye chekkis ye grounden ſuerd gart glyde,
By ye gud, mayle bathe halſs and hys crag bayne
In ſondyr ſtraik; yus endyt yat Cheyſtane.
To grounde he fell, feille folk about hym thrang,
Treſoune yai cryit, traytours was yaim amang.
Kerle with yat, fled out ſone at a ſyde,
Hys falow Stewyn yan thocht na tyme to byde.
Ye fray was gret, and faſt away yai zeid,
Lawch towart Ern; yus chapyt yai of dreid.
Butler for woo of wepyng mycht not ſtynt.
Yus rakleſly yis gud knycht yai tynt.
Yai demyt all yat it was Wallace men,
Or ellis hymſelf, yocht yai couth nocht hym ken;

He is rycht ner, we ſall hym haiff but faill,
Yis febill wode may hym litill awaill.
Fortye yar paſt agayne to Sanct Jhoneſtoune,
With hys dede corſs, to beryſing maid it boune.
Partyt yair men, ſyne diuerſs wayis raid,
A gret power at Durplin ſtill yar baid.
Till Dawryeth ye Butler paſt but lett,
At ſyndry furds ye gait yai unbeſet,
To kepe ye wode quhill it was day yai thocht.
As Wallace yus in ye thik foreſt ſocht,
For hys twa men in mynd he had gret payne,
He wyſt noeht weyll, giff yai war tayne or ſlayne,
Or chapyt haile be ony jeparte.
Threteyn war left with hym, no mar had he;
In ye Gaſk hall yair lugyng haiff yai tayne,
Fyr gat yai ſone, bot meyt yan had yai nane;
Twa ſcheipe yai tuk beſyde yaim off a fauld,
Ordanyt to ſoupe into yat ſembly hauld;
Graithit in haiſt ſum fude for yaim to dycht:
So hard yai blaw rude hornyſs upon hycht.
Twa ſende he furth to luk quhat it mycht be;
Yai baid rycht lang, and no tithings herd he,
Bot bouſtouſs noyis ſo brymly blow and faſt;
So oyir twa into ye wode furth paſt.
Nane come agayne, bot bouſtouſly can blaw,
Into gret ire he ſend them furth on raw.
Quhen yat allayne Wallace was lewyt yar,
Ye awfull blaſt aboundyt mekill mar;
Yan trewit he weille yai had hys lugyng ſeyne;
Hys ſuerd he drew of nobill mettall keyne,

Syne

Syne furth he went quhar at he hard ye horn.
Without ye dur Fawdoun was hym beforn,
As till hys ſycht, hys awne hede in hys hand;
A croyſs he maid quhen he ſaw hym ſo ſtand.
At Wallace in ye hede he ſwaket yar,
And he in haiſt ſone hynt it by ye hair,
Syne out at hym agayne he couth it caſt,
Intill hys hart he was gretlye agaſt.
Rycht weill he trowit yat was na ſpreit of man,
It was ſum dewill, at ſic malice began.
He wyſt na weill yar langar for to byde,
Up throw ye Hall yus wycht Wallace can glyde,
To a cloſs ſtayr, ye burds raiff in twyne,
Fyftyne fute large he lap out of yat inn.
Up ye wattir ſedeynlye he couth fair,
Agayne he blent quhat perance he ſaw yair,
He thocht he ſaw Fawdoune yat ugly ſyr,
Yat haill hall he had ſett in a fyr;
A gret raftre he had intill hys hand.
Wallace as yan no langar wald he ſtand,
Off hys gud men full gret merwaill had he,
Quhow yai war tynt throch hys feyle fantaſe.
Traiſts rycht weyll all yis was ſuth indeide,
Suppoſs yat it no paynt be of ye creide.
Power yai had wicht Lucifer yat fell,
Ye tyme quhen he partyt fra hewyn to hell.
Be ſic myſcheiff giff hys men mycht be loſt,
Drownyt or ſlayne amang ye Inglis óſt;
Or quhat it was in liknes of Fawdoune,
Quhilk brocht hys men to ſuddand confuſioune;

Or giff ye man endyt in ewill entent,
Sum wikkyt ſpreit agayne for hym preſent.
I can nocht ſpek of ſic diuinite,
To clerks I will lat all ſic mattirs be:
Bot off Wallace, furth I will yow tell.
Quhen he was went of yat perell fell,
Zeit glaid was he yat he had chapyt ſwa,
Bot for hys men gret murnyng can he ma.
Flayt by hymſelf to ye Makar off luffe,
Quhy he ſufferyt he fuld ſic paynis pruff.
He wyſt nocht weille giff it was Godds will;
Rycht or wrang hys fortoun to fullfill,
Had he pleſd God, he trowit it mycht nocht be
He fuld hym thoill in ſic perplexite.
Bot gret curage in hys mynde euir draiff,
Off Inglifmen thinkand amends to haiff.
As he was yus walkand be hym allayne
Apon Ern ſyde, makand a pytuouſs mayne,
Schyr Jhon Butler, to wach ye furds rycht.
Out fra hys men of Wallace had a ſycht;
Ye myſt was went to ye montanys agayne,
Till hym he raid, quhar at he maid hys mayne.
On loude he ſperde, quhat art yow walkis yat gait?
A trew man, ſchyr, yocht my wiage be lait;
Erands I paſs fra Doune to my Lord,
Schyr Jhone Stewart, ye rycht for to record,
In Doune is now, new cummyn fra ye King.
Yan Butler ſaid, yis is a felcouth thing,
Yow leid all owt, yow has beyne with Wallace,
I ſall yow knaw, or yow cum of yis place.

Till hym he ſert ye courſir wondyr wycht,
Drew out a ſuerd, ſo maid hym for to lycht.
Abowne ye kne gud Wallace has hym tayne,
Throw the and brawn in ſondyr ſtraik ye bayne,
Derſly to dede ye knycht fell on ye land.
Wallace ye horſs ſone ſeſyt in hys hand,
Ane awkwart ſtraik ſyne tuk hym in yat ſteid,
Hys crag in twa; yus was ye Butler dede.
Ane Ingliſman ſaw yair Chyftane was ſlayn,
A ſper in reyſt he keſt with all hys mayne,
On Wallace draiff, fra ye horſs hym to ber;
Warly he wrocht, as worthi man in wer.
Ye ſper he wan withoutyn mar abaid,
On horſs he lap, and throch a gret rout raid;
To Dawryeth he knew ye fors full weill;
Befor hym come feyll ſtuffyt in ſyne ſteill.
He ſtraik ye fyrſt but blaid in ye blaſoune,
Quhill horſs and man bathe flet ye wattir doune.
Ane oyir ſone doune fra hys horſs he bar,
Stampyt to grounde, and drownyt withowtyn mar.
Ye thrid he hytt in hys harnes of ſteyll,
Throw out ye coſt, ye ſper it brak ſum deyll.
Ye gret power yan eftir hym can ryde.
He ſaw na waill no langar yar to byde.
Hys burnyſt brand braithlye in hand he bar.
Quham he hytt rycht yai folowit hym na mar.
To ſtuff ye chaſs feyll frekis folowit faſt,
Bot Wallace maid ye gayaſt ay agaſt.
Ye mur he tuk, and throw yair power zeid,
Ye horſs was gud, bot zhet he had gret dreid.

For failzeing or he wan to a ſtrenth.
Ye chaſs was gret, ſcalyt our breid and lenth,
Throw ſtrang danger yai had hym ay in ſycht.
At ye Blackfurd yar Wallace doune can lycht,
Hys horſs ſtuffyt, for ye way was depe and lang,
A large gret myile wychtly on fute couth gang.
Or he was horſt rydars about hym heſt,
He ſaw full weill lang ſwa he mycht not leſt.
Sad men indeid upon hym can renew,
With retornyng yat nycht twenty he ſlew.
Ye ferſaſt ay rudly rabutyt he,
Kepyt hys horſs, and rycht wiſly can ſle,
Quhill yat he cum ye myrkeſt mur amang.
Hys horſs gaiff our, and wald no furthyr gang.
Wallace on fute tuk hym with gud entent,
Ye horſs he ſtraik, or yat he fra hym went,
Hys houch ſennownnis he cuttyt all at anys,
And left hym yus beſyde ye ſtandand ſtanys,
For Sothroune men no gud ſuld off hym wyn.
In heith haddyr Wallace and yai can twyn.
Throuch yat doun unto Forth ſadly he ſocht;
Bot ſedeynly yarcome intill hys thocht,
Gret power wok at Stirlyng Brygg off tre,
Leythand he ſaid, na paſſage is for me,
For want of fude, and I haiff fochtyn lang,
On wer men now me thynk na tyme to gang.
At Kamyſkynnett I ſall ye wattir till,
Lat God abowne do with me quhat he will.
Into yis land lang I may nocht byde.
Tary he maid ſum part on Forthis ſyde,

Tuk

Tuk off hys weid, and graithit hym but mar,
Hys ſuerd he band, yat wondyr ſcharplye ſchar,
Amang hys ger, be hys ſchuldrys on loſt,
Yus in he went, to Gret God prayand oft,
Off hys hye Grace ye cauſs to tak on hand.
Our ye wattyr he ſwame to ye ſouth land,
Arayede hym, ſone ye ſeſſone was rycht cauld,
For Piſcis was intill hys dayis of auld.
Our thwort ye Kerſs to ye Torwode he zeid,
A wedow yar duelt yat helpyt hym in neid,
Thyddyr he come or day begouth to daw,
Till a wyndow, and prewaly couth caw.
Yai ſperd hys nayme, bot tell yaim wald he nocht,
Quhill ſche hirſelf ner till hys langage ſocht.
Fra tyme ſche wyſt at it was wycht Wallace,
Reioſſyt ſche was, and thankyt God off hys Grace.
Sche ſperd ſone, quhy he was hym allane.
Murnand, he ſaid, as now men haiff I nane.
Sche aſkyt hym, quhar at hys men ſuld be.
Fayr deyme, he ſaid, go get ſum meit for me,
I haiff faſtyt ſyne zhiſterday at morn;
I dreid full ſar yat my men be forlorn,
Gret part of yaim to ye dede I ſaw dycht.
Sche gat hym meit in all ye haiſt ſche mycht.
A woman he cald, and als with hyr a child,
Syne bade yaim paſs agayne yai wayis wyld,
To ye Gaſk-hall, tithings for to ſper,
Gyff part war left off hys men into fer;
And ſche ſuld fynd a horſs ſone in hyr gait;
He bade yaim ſe giff yat place ſtud in ſtait:

Yaroff to her he had full gret deſyr,
Becauſs he thocht yat it was all in fyr.
Yai paſſyt furth withoutyn tary mar.
Hym for to reſt Wallace ramaynit yar.
Refreſchit he was with meit, drynk, and with heit,
Quhilk cauſyt hym throuch natural courſs to weit
Quhar he ſuld ſlepe, in ſekyrnes to be.
Ye wedow had off hyr awne ſonnys thre;
Fyrſt twa off yaim ſche ſend to kepe Wallace,
And gert ye thrid go ſone to Dunypace,
And tauld hys Eyme, yat he was hapnyt yar.
Ye parſon zeid to ſe off hys weyllfar.
Wallace to ſlepe laid in ye wode ſyde,
Ye twa zong men without hym ner couth byde.
Ye parſon come ner, and yair maner ſaw,
Yai beknyt hym to quhat ſteid he ſuld draw.
Ye rone was thik yat Wallace ſlepyt in;
About he zeid, and maid bot letill din,
So at ye laſt of hym he had a ſycht,
Quhow prewalye how yat hys bed was dycht.
He hym beheld, and ſaid ſyne to hymſell,
Her is a marwaill, quha likis it to tell,
Yat a perſon, be worthines of hand,
Trowis to ſtop ye power of Ingland,
Now falſs fortoun, ye myſwyrkar of all,
Be awentur, has gyffin hym a fall,
At he is left without ſupple of ma,
A cruell wyff with wappynnis mycht hym ſla.
Wallace hym herd, quhen he hys ſlepe ourpaſt,
Ferſly he rayſs, and ſaid till hym als faſt,

Yow leid, falſs preyſt war yow a fa to me,
I wald nocht dreid ſic oyir ten as ye;
I haiff had mar ſyne zhiſtirday at morn,
Yan ſyk ſexty war ſemblyt me beforn.
Hys Eyme hym tuk, and went forth with Wallace;
He tald till hym off all hys paynfull cace.
Yis nycht, he ſaid, I was left me allayne,
In feyll debait with enemyſs mony ane;
God at hys will my liff did ay to kepe,
Our Forth I ſwame yat awfull is and depe;
Quhat I haiff had in wer befor yis day,
Preſoune and payne to yis nycht was bot play;
So bett I am with ſtraikis ſad and ſar,
Ye cheyle wattir wined me mekill mar;
Eftir gret blude throw heit and cauld was brocht,
Yat off my lyff almoſt nothing I roucht.
I meyne fer mar ye tynſell off my men,
Na for myſelf, mycht I ſuffir ſic ten.
Ye parſon ſaid, der ſonne yow may ſe weyll,
Langar to ſtryff it helpis nocht a deyll,
Yi men ar loſt, and nayne will with ye ryſs,
For Godds ſaid wyrk as I ſhall dewyſs;
Tak a lordſchipe, quharon yat yow may liff,
King Edwarde wald gret lands to ye giff.
Uncle, he ſaid, of ſic words no mar,
Yis is nothing bot iking off my car;
I lik bettir to ſe ye Sothroune de,
Yan gold or land yat yai can giff to me;
Traſt ye rycht weyll of wer I will nocht ceſs,
Quhill tyme yat I bryng Scotland into peſs,

Or de yarfor, in playne to undirſtand.
So come Kerle, and gud Stewyn of Irland,
Ye wedowis ſone to Wallace he yaim brocht.
Fra yai hym ſaw of na ſadnes yai rocht;
For perfyt joy yai wepe with all yair eyne,
To grounde yai fell, and thankyt Hewynnys queyne:
Als he was glaid for reſkew off yaim twa,
Off hys fers men leyffand was left no ma.
Yai tald hym yat Schyr Garrat was dede,
Quhow yai had weill eſchapyt off yat ſtede;
Throuch ye Oychall yai had gayne all yat nycht,
Till Queynsferry, or yat ye day was brycht;
How a trew Scott, for kyndnes of Wallace,
Brocht yaim ſone our, fyne kend yaim to yat place.
Als Kerle wyſt, gyff Wallace leyffand war,
Ner Dunnypace yat he ſuld fynd hym yar.
Ye parſone gart gud purwiance for yaim dycht;
In ye Torwode yai lngyt all yat nycht,
Quhill ye woman, yat Wallace furth had ſend,
Retornd agayne, and tauld hym till ane end,
Quhat Inglifmen in ye way ſche fand dede,
Feill was fallyn fey in mony ſundry ſtede.
Ye horſs ſche ſaw yat Wallace had bereft,
And ye Gaſk-hall ſtanding as it was left,
Withoutyn harme nocht ſterd off it a ſtane;
Bot of hys men gud tythings ſche gat nane.
Yaroff ye grewyt gretlye in yat tyde,
In ye foreſt he wald no langar byde.
Ye wedow hym gaiff part of ſiluer brycht,
Twa of hyr ſonnys and yat worthi war and wycht;

Ye thrid ſche held becauſs he lakit age,
In wer as yan mycht nocht wyn weſſelage.
Ye parſon yan yat yaim gud horſs and ger,
Bot wa he was hys mynde was all on wer.
Yus tuk he leyff withowtyn langar abaid,
In Dundaff mur yat ſamyn nycht he raid.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme, quhilk lord was of yat land,
Ane agyt knycht had made nane oyir band,
Bot purcheſt peſs in reſt he mycht byde ſtill,
Tribute payit full ſar agayne hys will.
A ſone he had, bathe wyfs, worthi and wycht,
Alexander ye ferſs at Berweik maid hym knycht,
Quhar ſchawyn was of bataill till haiff beyne,
Betwex Scotts, and ye bauld Perſye keyne;
Yis zong Schyr Jhone rycht nobill was in wer,
On a braid ſcheyld hys fadyr gert hym ſwer,
He ſuld be trew to Wallace in all thing,
And he to hym, quhill lyff mycht in yaim ryng.
Thre nychts yar Wallace baid out of dreid,
Reſtyt hym weill ſwa had he mekill neid;
On ye ferd day he wald no langar byde,
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme bownyt with hym to ryd;
And he ſaid, nay, as yan it ſuld nocht be,
A playne part zeit I will nocht tak on me;
I haiff tynt men throuch my rakleſs deid,
Brynt child mayr ſayr ye fyr will dreid;
Freinds haiff I ſum part in Clyddſdaill,
I will go ſe quhat may yai me awaill.
Schyr Jhone anſuerd, I will you cunſaill do,
Quhen ye ſe tyme ſend priwale me to,

Yan I fall cum with my power in haiſt;
He hym betuk on to ye haly gaiſt,
Sanct Jhone to borch yai ſuld meit haill and ſound.
Out of Dundaff he and yir four couth found,
In Bothwell mur yat nycht remaynyt he,
With ane Crawfurd yat lugyt hym prewale.
Upon ye morn to Gilbank he went,
Reſawyt he was with mony glaid entent;
For hys deyr Eyme, zong Auchinlek duelt yar,
Brothyr he was to ye Schirreff of Ayr.
Quhen auld Schyr Ranald till hys dede was dycht,
Yan Auchinlek wedyt yat lady brycht,
And childyr gat, as ſtoreyſs will record,
Off Leſmahago, for he held of yat lord;
Bot he was ſlayne, gret pete was ye mar,
With Perſyes men, into ye toune of Ayr;
Hys ſone duelt ſtill xix zers of age,
And brokyt haille hys fadyrs heretage;
Tribute he payit, for all hys lands braid,
To Lord Perſye, as hys brodyr had maid.
I leyff Wallace, with hys der uncle ſtill,
Off Inglifmen zhett ſumthing ſpek I will.
A meſſynger ſone throw ye cuntre zeid,
To Lord Perſye yai tauld yis felloune deid;
Kynclewyn was brynt, brokyn and caſtyn doun,
Captayne dede of it, and Sanct Jhonſtoune;
Ye Loran als at Schortwode Schawis ſcheyn;
Into yat land gret ſorow has beyne ſeyne,
Throuch wycht Wallace yat all yis deid has done,
Ye toune he ſpyit, and yat forthocht we ſone.

Butler is ſlayn, with dochty men and deyr.
In aſpre ſpech ye Perſye yan can ſpeyr,
Quhat word off hym, I pray you graithly tell.
My lord, he ſaid, rycht yus ye caſs befell.
We knaw for trewth he was left hym allayne,
And as he fled, he ſlew full mony ayne;
Ye horſs we fand yat hym yat gait couth ber,
Bot off hymſelf no othyr word we her;
At Styrlyng bryg we wait he paſſit nocht,
To dede in Forth he may for us be brocht.
Lord Perſye ſaid, now ſuthlye yat war ſyne,
So gud a hande is nayne yis warld within;
Had he tayne peſs and beyne our kingſman,
Ye haill empyr he mycht haiff cunqueſt yaim;
Gret harme it is, our knychts yat ar ded,
We mon ger ſe for oyirs in yair ſted.
I trow nocht zhet at Wallace loſyt be,
Our clerkis ſayis, he ſall ger mony de.
Ye meſſynger ſaid, all yat ſuth has beyne,
Mony hundreth, yat cruell war and keyne,
Sen he begane, ar loſt without ramede.
Ye Perſye ſaid, forſuth he is nocht ded;
Ye crukis off Forth he knawis wondyr weylle,
He is on lyff, yat ſall our natioune feyll;
Quhen he is ſtreſt, yan can he ſwym at will,
Gret ſtrenth he has, bathe wytt and grace yartill.
A meſſynger ye lord chargyt to wend,
And yis cummand in wryt with hym he ſend.
Schyr Jhon Sewart gret ſchirreff yan he maid,
Off Sanct Jhoneſtoune, and all yir lands braid.

Intill Kynclewyn yar duelt nayne agayne,
Yar was left nocht bot brokyn wallis in playne.
Leiff I yaim yus rewlland yai lands yar,
And ſpek I will off Wallace glaid weillfar.
He ſend Kerle to Schyr Ranald ye knycht,
To Boyd and Blair yat worthe war and wycht,
And Adam als, hys cuſyng gud Wallace,
To yaim declarde off all yis paynfull caſs.
Off hys eſchaipe owt off yat cumpany.
Rycht wondyr glaid was yis gud chewalry;
Fra tyme yai wyſt yat Wallace leiffand was,
Gud expenſis till hym yai maid to paſs.
Maiſtir Jhone Blayr was oft in yat meſſage,
A worthi clerk, bath wyſs and rycht ſawage,
Lewyt he was befor in Paryſs Toune,
Amang maiſtris in ſcience and renoune.
Wallace and he at hayme in ſcule had beyne;
Sone eftirwart, as verite is ſcyne,
He was ye man yat pryncipall undirtuk,
Yat fyrſt compyld in dyt ye latyne buk
Off Wallace lyff rycht famouſs off renoune;
And Thomas Gray parſone off Libertoune.
With hym yai war, and put in ſtory all,
Offt ane or bathe, mekill off hys trawaill;
And yarfor her I mak off yaim mentioune.
Maſtir Jhone Blair to Wallace maid hym boune;
To ſe hym heyle hys cumfort was ye mar,
As yai full offt togyddir war befor.
Siluer and gold yai gaiff hym for to ſpend,
Sa dyde he yaim frely, quhen God it ſend.

Off

Off gud weylfayr as yan he wantyt nane.
Ingliſmen wyſt he was left hym allane,
Quhar he ſuld be was nayne off yaim couth ſay,
Drownyt or ſlayne, or eſchapyt away;
Yarfor off hym yai tuk bot letill heid;
Yai knew hym nocht, ye leſs he was in dreid.
All trew Scotts gret fauor till hym gaiff,
Quhat gud yai had he myſterit not to craiff.
Ye pes reſtyt yat, Schyr Ranald had tayne,
Yir four monethis it ſuld nocht be outgane.
Yis Chryſtmeſs Wallace ramaynyt yar,
In Laynrik offt till ſport he maid repair.
Fra yat he went fra Gilbank to ye toune,
And he fand men yat was off yat falſs natioune,
To Scotland yai did neuir grewance mar;
Sum ſtekyt yai, ſum throtts in ſundyr ſchar.
Feille war ſone dede, bot nane wyſt quha it was;
Quham he handlyt, he leyt no forthir paſs.
Yar Heſylryg duelt, yat curffyt knycht to waill,
Schyrreff he was off all ye lands haill,
Felloune, owtrage, diſpytfull in hys deid,
Mony off hym yarfor had mekill dreid.
Marwaill he thocht quha durſt hys peple ſla,
Without ye toune he gart gret noumir ga.
Quhen Wallace ſaw yat yai war ma yan he,
Yan did he nocht but ſaluſt curtaſle;
All hys four men bar yaim quietlik,
No Sothroune couth deyme yaim myſs pur no rik.
In Laynrik duelt a gentill woman yar.
A madyn myld, as my buk will declar,

Off

Off auchteyn zers ald or liteil mor of age,
Als born ſche was till part of heretage;
Hyr fadyr was off worſchipe and renoune,
And Hew Braidfute he hecht of Lammyngtoune,
As feylle othyrs was in ye cuntre calld,
Befor tyme yai gentillmen war off ald:
Bot yis gud man, and als hys wyff, was dede,
Ye madyn yan wyſt off na othyr rede,
Bot ſtill ſche duelt in tribute in ye toune,
And purcheſt had King Edwards protectioune;
Serwandys with hyr, off freynds at hyr will,
Yus leffyt ſche without deſyr off ill;
A quiet houſs, as ſche mycht hald in wer,
For Heſelryg had doyne hyr mekill der;
Slayne hyr brodyr, quhilk eldeſt was and ayr.
All ſuffyryt ſche, and rycht lawly hyr bar,
Amyabill, ſo benyng, war and wyſs,
Curtaſs and ſwete, fulfillyt of generyſs,
Weill rewllyt of tong, rycht haill of cuntenance,
Off wertuous ſche was worthi to awance,
Hummyly hyr led, and purcheſt a gud name,
Off ilkyn wycht ſche kepyt hyr fra blame,
Trew rychtwyſs folk a gret fauour hyr lent.
Apon a day to ye kyrk as ſche went,
Wallace hyr ſaw, as he hys eyne can caſt,
Ye prent off luff hym punzett at ye laſt,
So aſprely, throuch bewte off yat brycht,
With gret uneſs in preſence bid he mycht.
He knew full weyll hyr kynerent and hyr blud,
And quhow ſche was in honeſt oyſs and gud.

Quhill

Quhill wald he think to luff our ye laiff,
And oyir quhill he thocht on hys diſſaiff,
How yat hys men war brocht to confuſioune,
Throw hys laſt luff he had in Sanct Jhonſtoune;
Yan wald he think to laiff and lat ourflyde,
Bot yat thocht lang on hys mynd mycht nocht byde.
He tald Kerle off hys new luſty baille,
Syne aſkyt hym of hys beſt trew cunſaill.
Maiſtir, he ſaid, as fer as I haiff feyll,
Off lyklynes it may be wondyr weill,
Sen ze ſa luff, tak hyr in mariage,
Gudlye ſche is and als has heretage;
Suppoſs at yhe in luffyng feill amyſs,
Gret God forbede it ſuld be ſo with yis.
To mary yus I can nocht zhett attend,
I wald off wer fyrſt ſe a finaill end.
I will na mar allayne to my luff gang,
Tak tent to me, or dreid we ſuffer wrang;
To proffer yus ſone I wald nocht preſſe,
Mycht I leyff off, in wer I lik to leyff.
Quhat is yis luff? na thing bot folychnes,
It may reyff men bathe witt and ſtedfaſtnes.
Yan ſaid he yus, yis will not graithly be,
Amors and wer at anys to ryng in me;
Rycht ſuth it is, ſtude I in blis of luff,
Quhar deds war I ſuld ye bettir pruff;
Bot weille I wait, quhar gret erneſt is in thocht,
It latts wer in ye wyſſeſt wyſs be wrocht.
Leſs giff it be, bot only till a deid,
Yan he yat thinks on hys luff to ſpeid,

He may do weill haiff he fortoune and grace,
Bot yis ſtands all in ane oyir caſs;
A gret Kynryk with feill fayis ourſet,
Rycht hard it is amends for to get,
At anys of yaim, and wyrk ye obſerwance,
Quhilk langs luff and all hys frewill chance;
Sampill I haiff yis me forthinks ſar,
I trew to God it ſall be ſa no mar,
Ye trewth I knaw off yis and hyr lynage,
I knew nocht hyr, yarfor I loſt a gage.
To Kerle he yus argownd in yis kynd,
Bot gret deſyr remaynyt intill hys mynd,
For to behald yat frely off faſſoun.
A quhill he left, and come nocht in ye toune,
On oythir thing he maid hys wytt to walk,
Prefand giff he mycht off yat languor ſlalk.
Quhen Kerle ſaw he ſuffyryt payne for yi,
Der ſchyr, he ſaid, ze leiff in ſlogardy,
Go ſe your luff, yan ſall yhe get cumfort.
At hys cunſaill he walkyt for to ſport,
On to ye kyrk quhar ſche maid reſedence.
Sche knew hym weille, bot as of eloquence,
Sche durſt nocht weill in preſens to hym kyth,
Full ſar ſche drede or Sothroune wald hym myth;
For Heſilryg had a mattir new begone,
And hyr deſyrde in mariage till hys ſone.
With hyr madyn yus Wallace ſche beſocht
To dyne with hyr, and prewalye hym brocht
Throw a garden ſche had gert wyrk off new,
So Ingliſmen nocht of yair metyng knew.

Yan

Yan kiſſit he yis gudlye with plefance,
Syne hyr beſocht rycht hartlye of quentance.
Sche anſuerde hym, with hymyll words wyſe,
War my quentance rycht worthi for till pryſe,
Yhe ſall it haiff, as God me ſaiff in ſaule,
Bot Ingliſmen gerris our power faill,
Throch wiolence of yaim and yair barnage,
At has weill ner deſtroyit owr lynage.
Quhen Wallace hard hyr plenze petouſly,
Agrewit he was in hart rycht gretumly;
Baith ire and luff hym ſett intill a rage,
Bot nocht for yi he ſobyrit hys curage;
Off hys mater he tald, as I ſaid ayr,
To yat gudlye, how luff hym ſtrenzit ſar.
Sche anſuerd hym rycht reſonably agayne,
And ſaid, I ſhall to your ſerwice be bayne,
With all pleſance, in honeſt cauſs haill,
And I traſt ze wald nocht ſet till affaill,
For your worſchipe, to do me dyſhonour,
And I a maid, and ſtands in mony ſtour,
Fra Ingliſmen to ſaiff my womanheid,
And coſt has maid to kepe me fra yair dreid;
With my gud will I will no Leman be
To no man born, yarfor methinks ſuld ze
Deſyr me nocht bot into gudlynes.
Perhaps ye think I war to law perchaſs
For till attend to be your rychtwyſs wyff,
In your ſerwice I wald oyſs all my lyff;
Her I beſeik, for your worſchipe in armys,
Zhe charge me nocht with no ungudly harmys,

Bot me defend, for worſchip off your blude.
Quhen Wallace weyll hyr trew tayll underſtud,
As in a part hym thocht it was reſoune,
Off hyr deſyr yarſor till concluſioune.
He thankyt hyr, and ſaid, giff it mycht be,
Throuch Godds will, yat owr Kynryk war fre,
I wald yow wed with all hartlie pleſance,
But as yis tyme I may nocht tak ſic chance;
And for yis cauſs none oyir now I crayff,
A man in wer may nocht all pleſance haiff.
Off yar talk yan I can tell you no mar
To my purpoſs, quhat band yat yai mai maid yar.
Conclud yai yus, and ſyne to dyner went;
Ye ſayr grewans ramaynyt in hys entent,
Loſs off hys men, and luſty payne of luff,
Hys leiff he tuk at yat tyme to ramuff.
Syne to Gilbank he paſt or it was nycht;
Upon ye morn, with hys four men, hym dycht,
To ye Torhed without reſtyng he raid,
Quhar hys neuo Thom Haliday hym baid,
And Litill als, Edwarde hys cuſyng der,
Quhilk was full blyth quhen he wyſt hym ſo ner,
Thankand gret God yat ſend hym ſaiff agayne;
For mony demyt he was in Strathern ſlayne.
Gud cher yai maid all out yai dayis thre.
Yan Wallace ſaid, yat he deſirde to ſe
Lowmaben toune and Ingliſmen yat war yar;
On ye ferd day yai bownyt yaim to far.
Sexteyn he was of gudly chewalre,
In ye Knockwode he lewyt all bot thre.

Thom Halyday went with hym to ye toune,
Edwarde Litill and Kerle maid yaim boune;
Till ane Oſtrye, Thom Halyday led yaim rycht,
And gaiff cummand yair dyner ſuld be dycht.
Till her a meſs in gud entent yai zeid,
Off Inglifinen yai trowit yar was no dreid.
Ane Clyffurd come, was Eymes ſon to ye lord,
And four with hym, ye trewth for to record;
Quha awcht yai horſs, in gret heithing he aſt,
He was full ſle, and ek had mony caſt.
Ye gud wyff ſaid, till appleſſyt hym beſt,
Four gentill men is cummyn out off ye weſt.
Quha dewill yaim maid ſo galy for to ryde,
In faith with me a wed yar moſt abyde,
Yir Lewitt Scotts has leryt litill gud,
So all yair horſs ar ſchent for faut of blud.
Into gret ſcorn withowtyn words mayr,
Ye taillis all off ye four horſs yai ſchayr.
Ye gud wyff cryede, and petuouſly couth gret.
So Wallace come, and couth ye captayne mete,
A woman tald quho yai hys horſs had ſchent,
For propyr ire he graw in matelent.
He folowid faſt, and ſaid, gud freynd abyd,
Serwice to tak for yi craft in yis tyd,
Marſchell yow art without cummand off me,
Reward agayne, me think, I ſuld pay ye;
Sen I off laitt now come owt off ye weſt,
In yis cuntre, a harbour off ye beſt,
To cutt and ſchaff, and yat a wondyr gude,
Now yow ſall feyll how I oyſs to lat blude.

With hys gud fuerd ye Captayne has he tayn,
Quhill horfs agayne he marcheld euir nayn.
Anothir fone apon he hed ftraik he,
Quhill chafts and cheyks upon ye gait can fle.
Be yat hys men ye toyir twa had flayne,
Yar horfs yai tuk, and graithit yaim full bayne,
Out off ye toune, for dyner baid yai nayne,
Ye wyff he payit, yat maid fo petuoufs mayne.
Yan Inglifmen, fra yat Chyftane was dede,
To Wallace focht fra mony fyndry ftede.
Off ye caftell come cruell men and keyne.
Quhen Wallace has yair fodand femle feyne,
Towart fum ftrenth he bownyt hym to ryde,
For yan hym thocht it was no tyme to byde.
Yar horfs bled faft, yat gert hym dredyng haiff:
Off hys gud men he wald haiff had ye laiff.
To ye Knock-wode withowtyn mor yai raid,
Bot intill it no foiournyng he maid;
Yat wode as yan was noyir thik no lang.
Hys men he gat, fyne lychtyt for to gang
Towart a hicht, and led yar horfs a quhill.
Ye Inglifmen war yar within a myill,
On frefche horfs rydand full haftely,
Sewyn fcor and ma was in yair chewalry.
Ye Scotts lap on, quhen yai yar power faw,
Frawart ye fouth yaim thocht it beft to draw.
Yan Wallace faid, it is na wytt in wer,
With our power to byde yaim bargane her;
Zon ar gud men, yarfor I rede yat we,
Euirmar feik, quhill God fend fum fupple.

Halyday

Halyday ſaid, we ſall do your cunſaill,
Bot ſayr I dreid or yir hurt horſs will faill.
Ye Ingliſmen in burnyſt armour cler,
Be yan to yaim approchyt wondyr ner.
Horſſyt archars ſchot faſt and wald nocht ſpar,
Off Wallace men yai woundyt twa full ſar.
In ire he grew, quhen yat he ſaw yaim bled,
Hymſelf retornde, and on yaim ſone he zeid.
Sexteyn with hym yat worthi was in wer,
Off ye formaſt rycht freſchly doun yai ber.
At yat retorn fyfteyn in feild war ſlayne,
Ye laiff fled faſt to yair power agayne.
Wallace folowid, with hys gud chewalrye,
Thom Halyday in wer was full beſye.
A buſchement ſaw yat cruell was to ken,
Twa hundreth haill of weyll gerit Ingliſmen.
Uncle, he ſaid, our power is to ſmaw,
Off yis playne feild I conſaill you to draw,
To few we ar agayne yon felloune ſtaill.
Wallace relewyt full ſone at hys cunſaill.
At ye Torhed full fayne yai wald haiff beyne,
Bot Ingliſmen weyll has yair purpoſs ſeyne,
In playne battaill yai folowed hardely;
In dangir yus yai held yaim awfully.
Hew of Morland on Wallace folowid faſt,
He had befor maid mony Scotts agaſt,
Haldyn he was off wer ye worthiaſt man,
In north Ingland with yaim was leiffand yan,
In hys armour weyll forgvt of fyne ſteill,
A nobill curſour bur hym baith faſt and weill.

Wallace

Wallace retorned befyd a burly ayk,
And on hym fet a felloune fekyr ftraik,
Bathe cannell bayne and fchuldir blaid in twa,
Throch ye mid coft ye gud fuerd gert he ga;
Hys fpeyr he wan, and als ye curfour wycht,
Syne left hys awn, for he had loft hys mycht.
For lak of blud he mycht no foryir gang,
Wallace on horfs, ye Sothroune men amang,
Hys men relewyt, yat douchty was in deid,
Hym to reſkew out off yat felloune dreid,
Cruell ſtraikis forſuth yar mycht be ſeyne,
On ayir ſyde, quhill blud ran on ye greyne,
Rycht peralous ye ſemlay was to ſe.
Hardy and hat contenyt yis fell melle,
Skew and Reſkew of Scots and Inglis als,
Sum kerwyt bran in ſondyr ſum ye hals,
Sum hurt, ſum hynt, ſum derfly dong to dede.
Ye hardy Scotts ſo ſteryt in yat ſtede,
With Halyday on fute bauldly yai baid,
Amang Sothroune a full gret roume yai maid.
Wallace on horſs, in hand a nobill ſper,
Out throch yaim raid, as gud Chyftane in wer.
Thre ſlew he yar or yat hys ſper was gayne,
Yan hys gud ſuerd in hand ſone has he tayn,
Hewyt on hard with dynts ſad and ſar,
Quhat ane he hytt grewyt ye Scotts no mar.
Fra Sothroune men be natural reſone knew,
How with a ſtraik a man euir he ſlew,
Yan merweld yai he was ſo mekill of mayne,
For yar beſt man in yat kynd he had ſlayne,

Yat

Yat hys gret ſtrenth agayne hym helpyt nocht,
Nor nane oyir in contrar Wallace ſocht;
Yan ſaid yai all, leſt he in ſtrenth untayne,
Yis haill Kynryk he will wyn hym allayne.
Yai left ye feild, ſyne to yair power fled,
And tald yair lord how ewill ye formeſt ſped,
Quhilk Grayſtock hecht, was new cummyn in ye land,
Yarfor he trewit nane durſt agayne hym ſtand;
Wondyr hym thocht quhen yat he ſaw yat ſycht,
Quhy hys gud men for ſa few tuk ye flycht.
At yat retorn twentye in feild was tynt,
And Morland als, yarfor he wald nocht ſtynt,
Bot folowed faſt with thre hundreth but dreid,
And ſwowr he wald be wengyt on yat deid.
Ye Scotts wan horſs, becauſe yair awne couth faill,
In fleying ſyne cheſd yaim ye maiſt awaill.
Out off yat feild yus wycht Wallace is gayne,
Off hys gud men he had nocht loſyt ayne;
Fyffe woundyt war, yhet blythly furth vai raid.
Wallace a ſpace behynd yaim ay he baid,
And Halyday prewyt weill in mony place,
Sib ſeſtirs ſone he was to gud Wallace.
Warly yai raid, and held yair horſs in aynd,
For yai trowide weyll Sothroune wald afaynd.
With haill power at anys on yaim to ſett;
Bot Wallace keſt yair power for to lett;
To brek yair ray he beſyit hym full faſt.
Yan Ingliſmen ſo gretly was agaſt,
Yat nane off yaim durſt ruſche out off ye ſtaill,
All in aray held yaim togydder haill.

Ye Sothroune ſaw how yat ſo bandounly,
Wallace abaid ner hand yair chewalry.
Be Morlands horſs yai knew hym wondyr weill,
Paſt to yair lord, and tauld hym euir ilk deill.
So ſchyr, yai ſaid, forſuth zon ſamyn is he,
Yat with hys hand gerrs ſo mony de;
Haiff hys horſs grace upon hys feyt to byde,
He dreds nocht throuch Fyffe thouſand to ryde;
We rede ze ceſs, and folow hym na mar,
For drede yat we repent it ſyne full far.
He blamyt yaim, and ſaid, men weyll may ſe,
Cowarts ze ar, zat ſor ſo few wald fle.
For yair cunſaill zett leiff yaim wald he nocht,
In gret ire he apon yaim ſadly ſocht,
Wailland a place quhar he mycht bargane mak.
Wallace was wa upon hym for to tak,
And he ſo few, to bid yaim on a playne;
At Quenyſbery he wald haiff beyne full fayne.
Apon hymſelf he tuk full gret trawaill
To fend hys men, gyff yat mycht ocht awaill.
A ſuerd he drew, rycht man lik hym to wer,
Ay wayttand faſt gyff he mycht get a ſper.
Now her, now yar, befor yaim to and fra,
Hys horſs gaiff our, and mycht no foryir ga,
Rycht at ye ſkyrt off Quenyſbery befell;
Bot upon grace, as my autor will tell,
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme, yat worthi was and wycht,
To ye Torhed come on ye toythir nycht,
Threty with hym off nobill men at wage,
Ye fyrſt dochtyr he had in mariage

Off

Off Haladay was neuo to Wallace,
Tithyngs to ſper Schyr Jhone paſt off yat place,
With men to ſpek, quhar yai a tryſt had ſet,
Rycht ner ye ſteid quhar Scotts and Ingliſmen.
Ane Kyrkpatrick, yat cruell was and keyne,
In Eſdaill wode yat half zer he had beyne.
With Ingliſmen he couth nocht weill accord,
Off Torthorowald he Barion was and lord.
Off kyn he was to Wallace modyr ner,
Off Crawfurd ſyd yat mydward had to ſter;
Twenty he had of worthi men and wycht.
Be yan Wallace approchyt to yair ſycht.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme, quhen he ye cowntir ſaw,
On yaim he raid, and ſtud bot litell aw;
Hys gud fadyr he knew rycht wondyr weill,
Keſt doune hys ſper, and ſonzeit not a deill.
Kirkpatryk als, with worthi men in wer,
Fyffty in fronte at anyſs doune yai ber;
Throch ye thikkeſt of thre hundreth yai raid,
On Sothroune men full gret ſlauchter yai maid.
Yaim to reſkew yat was in fellone thrang,
Wallace on fute ye gret power amang,
Gud roume he gat throch help of Godds grace.
Ye Sothroune fled, and left yaim in yat place.
Horſs yai ran to ſtuff ye chaſs gud ſpede,
Wallace and hys yat douchty was in dede.
Grayſtok tuk flycht on ſtern horſs and ſtout,
A hundreth held togydder in a rout.
Wallace on yaim full ſadly couth perſew,
Ye fleying weill off Ingliſmen he knew,

At ay ye beſt wald paſs with yair Cheyſtane;
Befor hym he fand gud Schyr Jhone ye Grayme,
Ay ſtrykand doune quham euir he mycht ourhy.
Yan Wallace ſaid, yis is bot waiſt foly,
Comons to ſlay, whar Cheyſtanes gayis away;
Zour horſs is freſche, yarfor do as I ſay.
Gud men yow haiff ar zett in nobill ſtait,
To yon gret rout, for Godds luff hald your gait,
Sowndyr yaim ſone, we ſall cum at your hand.
Quhen Schyr Jhone had hys tayll weyll undirſtand,
Off nane oyir fra ynceforth tuk he heid,
To ye formaſt he folowit with gud ſpeid.
Kyrkpatryk als conſideryt yair cunſaill,
Yan chargyt yair men to folow on ye ſtaill.
At hys cummand full ſone with yaim yai mett.
Sad ſtraikis and ſayr apon yaim ſadly ſett.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme to Grayſtok faſt he ſocht,
Hys pryſs piſan yan helpyt hym ycht nocht
Apon ye crag a graith ſtraik gat hym rycht;
Ye burly blaide was braid and burnyſt brycht,
In ſondyr kerwyt ye mailzeis off fyne ſteill,
Throch bayne and brawne it prochyt euir ilk deill;
Dede with yat dynt to ye erd doune hym draiff
Be yat Wallace was ſembland with ye laiff.
Derſly to dede feyle ſtrekys yar he dycht,
Rayſs neuir agayne quhat ane at he hitt rycht,
Kyrkpatryk yan, Thom Halyday, and yair men,
Yair douchty deid was nobill for to ken.
At ye Knockheid ye bauld Grayſtock was flayne,
And mony man quhilk was off mekill mayne.

To

To faiff yair lyff part in ye wode is paſt,
Ye Scottſmen yan relewit togyddir faſt.
Quhen yat Wallace with Schyr Jhone Graymewas met,
Rycht gudlye he with humylnes hym gret;
Pardoune he aſt off ye rapreiff befor,
Into ye chaſs, and ſaid, he ſuld no mor
Formatioune mak off hym yat was ſo gud.
Quhen yat Schyr Jhone Wallace weill undirſtud,
Do away, he ſaid, yaroff as now na mar,
You did full rycht, it was for our weillfar,
Wyſar in weyr ze ar all out yan I,
Fadyr in armeſs ye ar to me for yi.
Kyrkpatryk ſyne, yat was hys cuſyng der,
He thankyt hym rycht on a gud maner.
Not ane was loſt off all yair chewalry;
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme to yaim come happely.
Ye day was doune, and prochand was ye nycht,
At Wallace yai aſkyt hys conſaill rycht.
He anſuerd yus, I ſpek bot with your leiff,
Rycht laith I war ony gud man to greiff,
Bot yus I ſay, in termes ſchort for me,
I wald failze, giff ze think it may be,
Lowmaban Houſs, quhilk now is left allayne,
For weill I wait power in it is lewyt nayne;
Carlawerok als zeit Maxwell has in hand;
And we had yis, yai mycht be bathe a wand
Agayne Sothroune yat now has our cuntre,
Say quhat ze will, yis is ye beſt think me.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme gaiff fyrſt his gud conſent,
Syne all ye laiff, rycht with a haill entent.

To Lowmaban rycht haſtely yai ryde,
Quhen yai cum ner nocht half a myill beſyde,
Ye nycht was myrk, to cunſaill ar yai gayne,
Off mune nor ſtern perans was yar nayne.
Yan Wallace ſaid, me think, ye land at reſt,
Thom Halyday, yow knawis yis cuntre beſt;
I her no noyſs off feyll folk her about,
Yarfor I trew we ar ye leſs in dout.
Halyday ſaid, I will tak ane with me,
And ryde befor ye manir for to ſe.
Watſone he callyt, with me yow mak ye boune,
With yaim yow was a nychtbour off yis toune.
I grant I was with yaim agayne my will,
Myne entent is euir to do yaim ill.
Unto ye zeitt yir twa pertly furth raid,
Ye portar come without langar abaid,
At Jhone Watſone ſone tythings he couth aſs,
Opyn he bad ye captayne cummand was.
Ye zeitt, but mayr, unwiſly up he drew.
Thom Haldan ſone be ye craig hym threw,
And with a knyff he ſtekit hym to dede,
In a dyrk holl keſt hym doune in yat ſted.
Jhon Watſone ſyne has hynt ye keyis in hand,
Ye power yan with Wallace was cummand;
Yai entryt in, befor yaim fand na ma,
Excep wemen, and ſympill ſerwands twa,
In ye kiching ſcudlers lang tyme had beyne,
Sone yai war ſlayne. Quhen Halyday had yaim ſeyne,
Grace, ſche cryit, for hym yat deit on tre.
Yan Wallace ſaid, mademe your noyis lat be,

To

To wemen zeitt we do bot litill ill,
Na zong childir we lik for to ſpill.
I wald haiff meyt Halyday quhat ſayis zow ;
For faſtand folk to dyne gud tyme war now.
Gret purwiance was ordand yaim befor,
Bathe breid and aylle gud wyne and oyir ſtor.
To meyt yai bownyt, for yai had faſtyt lang,
And men of armes into ye cloſs gert gang.
Part ſleand folk on fute yat fra yaim glaid,
On ye Knockhed, quhar gret melle was maid,
Ay as yai come Jhon Watſone leit yaim in,
And doun to dede withoutyn noyis or din,
Na man left yar yat was of Ingland born.
Ye caſtell weill yai weſyt on ye morn,
For Jhonſtoune, ſend a man off gud degre,
Secund dochtir forſuth weddyt had he
Off Halydays, der neuo to Wallace,
Gret captayne yai maid hym off yat place.
Yai leyffit hym yar intill a gud aray,
Syne uſchyt furth apon ye ſecond day.
Wemen had leyff in Ingland for to fayr.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme and gud Wallace couth cayr
To ye Torhed, and lugyt all yat nycht ;
Upon ye morn ye ſone was at ye hycht,
Eftir dyner yai wald na langar byde,
Yar purpoſs tuk in Crawfurd mur to ryde.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme, with Wallace yat was wycht,
Jhon Halyday, agayne ratorned rycht
To ye Tor-hall, and yar remanyt but dreid.
Na Sothroune wyſt pryncipal quha did yis deid.

Kyrkpatrik paſt in Aiſdaill wodds wyde,
In ſaufte yar he thocht he ſuld abyde.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme, and gud Wallace in feir,
With yaim fortye of men in armyſs cleir,
Throch Crawfurd mur as yat yai tuk ye way,
On Ingliſmen yair mynde remaynyt ay.
From Crawfurd-Jhon ye wattir doun yai ryd,
Ner hand ye nycht yai lychtyt apon Clyd;
Yair purpoſs tuk intill a quiet waill.
Yan Wallace ſaid, I wald we mycht aſſaill
Crawfurd caſtell, with ſum gud jeperte,
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme, how ſay ze beſt may be?
Yis gud knycht ſaid, and ye men war without,
To tak ye houſs yar is bot litill doubt.
A ſquier yan rewllit yat lordſchipe haill,
Off Cumbyrland borne, hys nayme was Martyndaill.
Yan Wallace ſaid, myſelf will paſs in feyr,
And ane with me off herbre for to ſpeyr;
Folow on dreich, gyff yat we myſtir ocht.
Edwarde Litill with hys myſtir forth ſocht
Till ane Oyſtry, and with a woman met.
Sche tald to yaim yat Sothroune yar was ſet;
And ze be Scotts, I cunſaill yow paſs by,
For, and yai may, ze will get ewill herbry;
At drynk yai ar, ſo haiff yai beyne rycht lang,
Gret worde yar is off Wallace yaim amang;
Yai trew yat he has found hys men agayne,
At Lowchmaban feyll Ingliſmen ar ſlayne,
Yat houſs is tynt, yat gers yaim be full wa,
I trow to God yat yai ſall ſone tyne ma.

Wallace

Wallace ſperd, off Scotland giff ſche be.
Sche ſaid hym, za, and thinkis zet to ſe
Sorow on yaim, throw help of Gods Grace.
He aſkyt hyr quha was into ye place.
Na man of fens is left yat houſs within,
Twentye ar her makand gret noyſs and din.
Allace, ſche ſaid, giff I mycht anys ſe,
Ye worthi Scotts maiſt maſtir in it to be.
With yis woman he wald na langar ſtand,
A bekyn he maid, Schyr Jhon come at hys hand.
Wallace went in, and ſaid, *benedicite*.
Ye captayne ſperyt, qnhat bellamy may yow be
Yat cummys ſo grym, ſum tithings till us tell,
Yow art a Scott, ye dewyll yi natioune quell.
Wallace braid out hys ſuerd withoutyn mar,
In to ye breyſt ye bryme captayne he bar,
Throuchout ye coſt, and ſtekyt hym te ded.
Ane oyir he hytt awkwart apon ye hed;
Quham euir he ſtrak he byrſtyt bayne and lyr,
Feill off yaim dede fell thwortour in ye fyr.
Haiſty payment he maid yaim on ye flur,
And Edward Litill kepyt weill ye dur.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme full fayne wald haiff beyne in,
Edwarde hym bad at ye caſtell begyn,
For off yir folk we haiff bot litill dreid.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme faſt to ye caſtell zeid.
Wallace rudly ſic routs to yaim gaiff,
Yai twenty men derfly to dede yai draiff;
Fyfteyn he ſtraik, and fyfteyne has he ſlayne,
Edwarde ſlew fyſe quhilk was of mekill mayne.

To ye caſtell Wallace had gret deſyr.
Be yat Schyr Jhone had ſett ye zett in fyr;
Nane was yarin at gret defens couth ma,
Bot wemen faſt far wepand into wa.
Without ye place ane ald bulwark was maid,
Wallace zeid our without langar abaid,
Ye women ſone he ſauffyt fra ye dede,
Waik folk he put, and barnys off yat ſtede.
Off purwiance yai fand letill or nane,
Befor yat tyme yair wictaill was all gayne;
Zeit in yat place yai lugyt ſtill yat nycht,
Fra Oyſtre brocht ſic guds as yai mycht.
Apon ye morn ye houſs yai ſpolze faſt,
All things yat doucht out off yat place yai caſt.
Tre wark yai brynt, yat was into ya wanys,
Wallis brak doune yat ſtalwart war off ſtanys.
Spylt at yai mycht, ſyne wald na langar byde,
On till Dundaff yat famyn nycht yai ryde,
And lugyt yar with myrth and pleſance,
Thankand Gret God yat lent yaim ſic a chance.

EXPLICIT LIBER QUINTUS
ET INCIPIT SEXTUS.

THE

LIFE

OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, &c.

BOOK VI.

Wallace Marries—His Wife Killed at Lanark—He Slays Heſilrig, and takes Lanark—Grimſby or Jop, his Squire, comes to him—Joined by many—Fights a battle at Biggar againſt the King of England—At Kopis Bog—Choſen Governor of Scotland—Takes a Caſtle near the Water of Cree—Makes Peace with the Chancellor of England.

YAN paſſyt was Utaſs off Feuerzher,
And part of March of rycht degeſtioune;
Apperyd yan ye laſt moneth of wer,
Ye ſyng off ſommir with hys ſuet ſeſſoun.
Be yat Wallace of Dundaff maid hym boune;
Hys leyff he tuk, and to Gilbank can fair.
Ye rewmour raiſs throch Scotland up and doune,
With Inglifmen, yat Wallace leiffand war.
In Aprill quhen cleithit is but weyne,
Ye abill grounde be wyrkyng off natur,
And wodds has won yair worthi weid of greyne,
Quhen Nympheus, in beldyn off hys bour,

With

With oyle and balm fulfillyit off fuet odour,
Famus maters, as yai war wount to gang,
Walkyn yair courſs in euery caſuall hour,
To glad ye huntar with yair merye ſang.
In yis ſamyn tyme to hym approchit new
Hys luſty payne, ye quhilk I ſpak off ayr,
Be luffs cauſs, he thocht to perſew
In Laynryk toune, and thyddir he can fayr;
At reſidence a quhill ramanyt yair
In hyr preſence as I ſaid off befor;
Thoch Ingliſmen was grewyt at hys repayr,
Zitt he deſyrit ye thing yat ſat hym ſar.
Ye feyr off wer rewllyt hym on ſic wiſs,
He lykit weill with yat gudlye to be.
Quhill wald he think off danger for to ryſs,
And oyir quhill out off hyr preſens fle.
To ceſs off wer it war ye beſt for me,
Yus wyn I nocht bot ſadnes on all ſyde.
Sall neuir man yis cowartyſs in me ſe,
To wer I will, for chance yat may betyde.
Quhat is yis luff? it is bot gret myſchance,
Yat me wald bryng fra armeſs utterly;
I will nocht loſs my worſchipe for pleſance,
In wer I think my tyme till occupy,
Yett hyr to luff I will nocht lat for yi,
Mor ſall I deſyr hyr freindſchipe to reſerue,
Fra yis day furth yan euir befor did I,
In fer of wer, quheyir I leiff or ſterue.
Quhat ſuld I ſay, Wallace was playnly ſet
To luff hyr beſt in all yis warld ſo wyde,

Thinkand

Thinkand he ſuld off hys deſyr to gett;
And ſo befell by concord in a tyde,
Yat ſche maid at hys cummand to byde,
And yus began ye ſtyntyn off yis ſtryff,
Begynnyng, band with graith witnes beſyde,
Myne auctor ſayis, ſche was hys rychtwyſs wyff.
Now leiff in peſs, now leiff in gud concord,
Now leiff in blyſs, now leiff in haill pleſance,
For ſche be choſs has bath hyr luff and lord.
He thinkis als luff did hym hye awance,
So ewenly held he fauour ye ballance,
Sen he at will may lap hyr in hys armys.
Sche thankyt God of hyr fre happy chance,
For in hys tyme he was ye flour of armys.
Fortoun hym ſchawit hyr fygowrt doubill face,
Feyll ſyſs or yan he had beyne ſet abuff.
In preſoune now, delyveryt now throw Grace,
Now at uneſs, now into reſt and ruff;
Now weyll at wyll, weyldand hys pleſand luff,
As thocht hymſelff out off aduerſite,
† In curage ſet apon ye ſtags hye,
Ye werray treuth I can nocht graithly tell.
Into yis lyff how lang at yai had beyne;
Throch naturall courſs off generatioune befell,
A child was chewyt yir twa luffars betuene,
Quhilk gudly was a madyn brycht and ſchene;
So forthyr furth, be ewyn tyme off hyr age,
A ſquier ſchaw, as yat full weill was ſeyne,
Yis lyflat man hyr gat in mariage.
Rycht gudly men come off yis lady zong.

† *Desyring oy his manhed for lo pruff* Forthyr

Forthyr off hyr as now I ſpek na mar;
Bot Wallace furth intill hys wer can ryng,
He mycht nocht ceſs gret curage ſo hym bar;
Sothroune to ſlaw for dreid he wald nocht ſpar,
And yai oftſyſs feill cauſs till hym wrocht,
Fra yat tyme furth, quhilk mowit hyr fer mar,
Now leiff yi myrth, now leiff yi haill pleſance,
Now leiff yi bliſs, now leiff yi childs age,
Now leiff yi zouth, folow yi hard chance,
Now leiff yi luſt, now leiff yi mariage,
Now leiff yi luff, for yow ſall loſs a gage
Quhilk neuir in Erd ſall be redemyt agayne;
Folow fortoune, and all hyr fers owtrage,
Go leiff in wer, go leiff in crueli payne.
Fy on fortoun, fy on ye frewall quheyil,
Fy on yai traiſt, for hyr it has no leſt,
Yow transfiggowryt Wallace out of hys weill,
Quhen he traiſtyt for till haiff leſtyt beſt,
Hys pleſance her to hym was bot a geſt;
Throw yi fers courſs, yat has na hap to ho,
Hym yow ourthrew out of hys likland reſt,
Fra gret pleſance, in wer traiwaill and wo.
Quhat is fortoune, quha dryffs ye dell ſo faſt?
We wait yar is bathe weill and wykit chance;
Bot yis fals warld, with mony doubill caſt,
In it is nocht bot werray wariance,
It is nothing till hewenly gowernance.
Yan pray we all to ye Makar abowe,
Quhilk has in hand of juſtry ye ballance,
Yat he us grant of hys der leſtand lowe.

x (Him so sar Heroff
That neuir in warld was brocht)

Heroff as now furthir I ſpek na mar,
Bot to my purpoſs ſchortlye will I fayr.
Tuelff hundreth zer yarto nynte and ſewyn,
Fra Cryſt was born ye rychtwyſs King of Hewyn,
Wilzham Wallace into gud liking gaes,
In Laynrik toune amang hys mortaill fayis.
Ye Inglifmen, yat euir falſs has beyne,
With Hefilryg quhilk cruell was and keyne
And Robert Thorn, a felloune ſutell knycht,
Has found ye way be quhat meyn beſt yai mycht,
How yat yai ſuld mak contrar to Wallace,
Be argument, as he come upon caſs,
On fra ye kyrk, yat was without ye toune,
Quhill yair power mycht be in harneſs boune.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme bathe hardy wyſs and trew,
To Laynrik come, gud Wallace to perſew,
Off hys weyllfayr, as he full oft had ſeyne,
Gud men he had in cumpany fyfteyne,
And Wallace nyne, yai war na fers ma;
Upon ye morn unto ye meſs yai ga,
Yai and yair men graithyt in gudly greyne,
For ye ſeſſon ſic oyſsfull lang has beyne.
Quhen ſadly yai had ſaid yair dewotioune,
Ane argunde yaim, as yai went throch ye toune,
Ye ſtarkaſt man yat Heſylryg yan knew,
And als he had off lychtly words ynew.
He ſaluſt yaim, as it war bot in ſcorn,
Dewgar, gud day, Bone Senzhour, and, gud morn.
Quhom ſcornys yow? quoth Wallace, quha lerd ye?
Quhy, ſyr, he ſaid, come ze not new owr ſe?

Pardoun

Pardoun me yan, for I wend ze had beyne,
Ane Imbaſſet to bring ane uncouth queyne.
Wallace anſuerd, ſic pardoune as we haiff
In oyſs to gyff, yi part yow ſall not craiff.
Sen ze ar Scotts, zeit ſaluſt ſall ze be,
Gud deyn, Dauch Lard, bath lowth banzoth a de.
Ma Sothroune men to yaim aſſemblyt yar.
Wallace as yan was laith to mak a ſter.
Ane maid a ſcrip and tyt at hys lang ſuerd.
Hald ſtill yi hand, quoth he, and ſpek yi werd.
With ye lang ſuerd you makis mekill boſt.
Yaroff, quoth he, yi Deme maid litell coſt.
Quhat cauſs has yow to wer yat gudlye greyne?
My maiſt cauſs is bot for to mak ye teyne.
Qnhat ſuld a Scott do with ſa fayr a knyff?
Sa ſaid ye Preſt yat laſt janglyt yi wyff;
Yat woman lang has tillit hym ſo fayr,
Quhill yat hys child worthit to be yne ayr.
Methink, quoth he, yow drywys me to ſcorn,
Yi deme has beynet japyt or yow was born.
Ye power yan aſſemblit yaim about.
Twa hundreth men yat ſtalwart war and ſtouſ.
Ye Scotts ſaw yair power was cummand,
Schyr Robert Thorn and Heſilryg at hand,
Ye multitude with wappynys burnyſt beyne.
Amang Sothroune ſic dynts gaiff yat tyde,
Quhill blude on breide byrſtyt fra wounds wyde.
Wallace in ſtour was cruelly fechtand,
Fra a Sothroune he ſmatt off ye rycht hand,
And quhen yat carle off fychtyng mycht na mar,
With

× *The worthi Scottis quhilk cruel weas and keyne*

With ye left hand in ire held a buklar.
Yan fra ye ſtowmpe ye blud out ſpurgyt faſt,
In Wallace face aboundandlye can outcaſt.
Into gret part it marryt hym of hys ſycht.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme a ſtraik has tayne hym rycht,
With hys gud ſuerd, apon ye Sothroune ſyr,
Derfly to dede draiff hym into yat ire.
Ye perill was rycht awfull hard and ſtrang,
Ye ſtour enduryt marwalouſly and lang.
Ye Ingliſmen gadryt felloune faſt,
Ye worthi Scotts ye gait left at ye laſt.
Quhen yai had ſlayne and woundyt mony,
To Wallace In, ye gayneſt way yai can,
Yai paſſit ſone, defendand yaim rycht weill,
He and Schyr Jhone, with ſuerds ſtiff of ſteill,
Behind yair men, quhill yai ye zett had tayne.
Ye woman yan, quhilk was full will of wayne,
Ye perell ſaw, with felloune noyis and dyn,
Gat up ye zett, and leit yaim entir in.
Throch till a ſtrenth yai paſſit of yat ſteid.
Fyftye Sothroune apon ye gait war deid.
Yis fayr woman did beſines and hyr mycht,
Ye Ingliſmen to tary with a ſlycht,
Quhill yat Wallace on to wode was paſt;
Yan Cartlane craigs ye perſewit full faſt.
Quhen Sothroune ſaw yat chapyt was Wallace,
Agayne yai turnyt, ye woman tuk on cace,
Put hyr to dede, I can nocht tell yow how,
Off ſic mater I may nocht tary now,
Quhar gret dulle is, bot rademyng agayne,

Newyn of it is bot ekyng of payne.
A trew woman, had ſeruit hyr full lang,
Out of ye toune ye gayneſt way can gang,
Till Wallace tauld quhow all yis dede was done,
Ye paynefull wo ſocht till hys hart full ſone;
War nocht for ſchayme he had ſocht to ye ground,
For byttyr baill yat in hys breyſt was bound.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme, baith wyfs, gentill and fre,
Gret murnyng maid, yat pete was to ſe;
And als ye laiff yat was aſſemblit yar,
For pure ſorrow wepyt with hart full ſar.
Quhen Wallace feld yair curage was ſo ſmall,
He fenzeit hym for to cumfort yaim all.
Ceſs, men, he ſaid, yis is a butlaſs payne,
We can nocht now chewyſs hyr lyff agayne.
Uneſs a word he mycht bryng out for teyne,
Ye bailfull ters bryſt braithly fra hys eyne.
Sichand, he ſaid, ſall neuir man me ſe
Reſt intill oyſs, quhill yis deid wrokyn be,
Ye ſaklace ſlauchter off hyr blyth and brycht,
Yat I awow to ye Makar of mycht,
Yat off yat natioune I ſall neuir forber,
Zong nor ald, yat abill is to wer;
Preyſts no wemen I think for to ſla,
In my defaut bot yai me cauſing ma.
Schyr Jhon, he ſaid, lat all yis murnyng be,
And for hyr ſaik yair ſall ten thouſand de;
Quhar men may weipe, yar curage is ye leſs,
It ſlakis ire of wrang yai ſuld radreſs.
Off yair complaynt as I now I ſay no mar,

Off

Off Awchinlek off Gilbank duelt yar.
Quhen he hard tell of Wallace wexatioune,
To Cartlane wode with ten men maid hym boune,
Wallace he fand ſum part within; ye nycht
To Laynryk toune in all haiſt yai yaim dycht.
Ye wache off yaim as yan had letill heid,
Partyt yair men, and diuerſs gats zeid.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme, and hys gud cumpany,
To Schyr Robert of Thorn full faſt yai hy.
Wallace and hys to Heſilryg ſone paſt,
In a heich houſs quhar he was ſlepand faſt,
Straik at ye dur with hys ſute hardely,
Quhill bar and braiſs in ye flour he gert ly.
Ye ſchirreff cryit, quha makis yat gret deray?
Wallace, he ſaid, yat yow has ſocht all day,
Ye womannis dede, will God, yow ſall der by.
Heſylryg thocht it was na tyme to ly,
Out off yat houſs full fayne he wald haiff beyne.
Ye nycht was myrk, zeitt Wallace has hym ſeyne,
Fircely hym ſtraik, as he come, in gret ire,
Apon ye heid, birſtyt throuch bayne and lyre,
Ye ſcherand ſuerd glaid till hys coler bayne,
Out our ye ſtayr amang yaim is he gayne.
Gud Awchinlek trowit not yat he was dede,
Thryſs with a knyff ſtekit hym in yat ſtede.
Ye Scry about raiſs rudly on ye ſtreyt,
Feill off ye layff was fulzeit undir feyt.
Zong Heſilryg and wycht Wallace is met,
A ſekyr ſtrak Wilzham has on hym ſet,
Derfly to dede off ye ſtair dang hym doun.

Mony yai ſlew yat nycht in Laynrik toune.
Sum grets lap, and ſum ſtekyt within,
Afferd yai war with hidwiſs noyis and din.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme had ſet ye houſs in fyr,
Quhar Robert Thorn was byrnt up bayne and lyr.
Twelffe ſcor yai ſlew yat was of Ingland born,
Wemen yai lewyt and preyſts on ye morn
To paſs yair way, of bliſs and guds bar,
And ſwour yat yai agayne ſuld cum no mar.
Quhen Scotts herd yir fyne tythings anew,
Out off all part to Wallace faſt yai drew,
Plenyſt ye toune quhilk was yair heretage.
Yus Wallace ſtraiff agayne yat gret barnage,
Sa he began with ſtrenth and ſtalwart hand,
To chewyſs agayne ſum rowmys of Scotland.
Ye worthi Scotts, yat ſemblyt till hym yar,
Cheſyt hym for Cheyff, yair Cheyftane and Ledar.
Amer Wallang, a ſutell tyrand knycht,
In Bothwell duelt, King Edwards man full rycht.
Murray was out, thoch he was rychtwyſs lord
Off all yat land as trew men will racord;
In till Aran he was duelland yat tyde,
And oyir men in yis land durſt nocht byde;
Bot yis fals knycht in Bothwell wounand was;
A man he gert ſone to King Edward pas,
And tauld hym haill of Wallace ordinance,
How he had put hys pepill to miſchance,
And playnly was ryſſyn agayne to ryng.
Greuit yarat rycht gretly was ye King;
Throuch all Ingland he gert hys Doars cry,

Power

Power to get, and ſaid, he wald playnly
In Scotland paſs, yat, rewme to ſtatut new.
Feill men off wer till hym full faſt yai drew.
Ye Queyne feld weill quhow yat hys purpoſs was,
Till hym ſche went, on kneis ſyne can hym aſs,
He wald reſiſt, and nocht in Scotland gang,
He ſuld haiff dreid to wyrk ſo felloune wrang;
Cryſtyne yai ar, zone is yar heretage,
To reyff yat croune yat is a gret owtrage.
For hyr cunfaill at hayme he wald nocht byde,
Hys lords hym ſet in Scotland for to ryde.
A Scotts man yan duellyt with Edwarde,
Quhen he hard tell yat Wallace tuk ſic part,
He ſtaw fra yaim as priwale as he may;
Into Scotland he come upon a day,
Sekand Wallace he maid hym reddy boune.
Yis Scott was born at Kyle in Ricardtoune,
All Ingland coſt he knew it wondyr weill,
Fra Hull about to Bryſto euir ilk deill;
Fra Carleill throch Sandwich yat royll ſtede,
Fra Douir our on to Sanct Beis hede;
In Pykarte and Flandyrs he had beyne,
All Normonde and Frans haill he had ſeyne;
A purſiwant till King Edward in wer,
Bot he couth neuir gar hym hys armys ber;
Off gret ſtatur, and ſum part gray was he,
Ye Ingliſmen cald hym Vot Grymmyſbe.
To Wallace come, and into Kyle hym fand,
He tauld hym haill ye tithings of Ingland.
Yai turnyt hys nayme, fra tym yai hym knew,

And cald hym Jop, off Ingen he was trew;
In all hys tyme gud ſeruice in hym fand,
Gaiff hym to ber ye armes of Scotland,
Wallace agayne in Cliddiſdaill ſone raid
And hys power ſemblyt withowtyn baid,
He gart cummand, quha yat hys peſs wald tak,
A fre remyt he ſuld ger to yaim mak,
For all kyn deid yat yai had doyne beforn.
Ye Perſyeis Peeſs and Schyr Ranalds was worn.
Feill till hym drew yat bauldly durſt abyde,
Off Wallace kyn, fra mony diuerſs ſyde.
Schyr Ranald yan ſend hym hys power haill,
Hymſelf durſt nocht be knawyn in battaill
Agayne Sothroune, for he had maid a band,
Lang tyme befor, to hald off yaim hys land.
Adam Wallace paſt out off Ricardtoune,
And Robert Boyd, with gud men off renoune.
Off Cunyngayme and Kille come men off waill,
To Laynrik ſocht, on horſs a thouſand haill.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme, and hys gud chewalre,
Schyr Jhon of Tynto, with men yat he mycht be,
Gud Awchinlek, yat Wallace uncle was,
Mony trew Scott with yat Cheyſtane couth paſs,
Thre thouſand haill of likly men in wer,
And feile in fute quhilk wantyt horſs and ger.
Ye tyme be yis was cummand apon hand;
Ye awfull oſt, with Edwarde off Ingland,
To Beggar come, with ſexte thouſand men,
In wer weds yat cruell war to ken.
Yai planytyt yar feild with tents and pailzonis,

Quhar

Quhar claryouns blew full mony mychty ſonis,
Plenyſt yat place with gud wittaill and wyne,
In carts brocht yair purwiance dewine.
Ye awfull King gert twa herralds be brocht,
Gaiff yaim cummand, in all ye haiſt yai mocht,
To charge Wallace, yat he ſuld come hym till,
Without promyſs, and put hym in hys will;
Becaus we wait he is a gentill man,
Cum in my grace, and I ſall ſaiff hym yan;
As for hys lyff I will upon me tak;
And eftir yis, gyff he couth ſeruice mak,
He ſall haiff wage yat may hym weill ſuffice.
Yat rebald wenys, for he has done ſuppriſs
To my pepill oft upon awentur,
Agaynes me he may nocht lang endur.
To yis proffyr gainſtandand giff he be,
Her I awow he ſall be hangyt hye.
A zong ſquier was broyir off Schyr Hew,
He thocht he wald dyſgyſit to perſew,
Wallace to ſe yat tuk ſa hie a part,
Borne ſyſtirs ſone he was to King Edwart.
A cot off armes he tuk on hym but baid,
With ye harrolds full priwale he raid
To Tinto hill withowtyn reſidens,
Quhar Wallace lay with hys folk, at defens.
A likly oſt, as of ſa few, yai fand;
Till hym yai ſocht, and wald na langar ſtand.
Gyff yow be he yat rewllis all this thing,
Credence we haiff brocht fra our worthi King.
Yan Wallace gart thre knychts till hym call,

Syne

Syne red ye wryt in preſens of yaim all.
To yaim he ſaid, anſuer ye ſall nocht craiff,
Be wryt or word, quhilk likis yow beſt till haiff.
In wryt, yai ſaid, it war ye liklyaſt;
Yan Wallace yus began to dyt in haſt.
" Yow reyffar king chargis me throw caſs,
" Yat I ſuld cum, and put me in yi grace;
" Gyff I gaynſtand, you hechtis till hyng me,
" I wow to God, and euir I may tak ze,
" Yow ſall be hangyt, ane exempill to geiff,
" To kings off reyff, als lang as I may leiff.
" Yow proffers me yi wage for till haiff,
" I ze defy, yi power and all ye laiff
" Yat helpis ze her, off yi fals natioune,
" Will God zow ſall be put off yis regioune,
" Or de yarfor, contrar yocht you had ſuorn,
" Yow ſall us ſe or nyne hours to morn,
" Battaill to gyff, magre off all yi kyn,
" For falſly yow ſekis our rewme to wyn."
Yis wryt he gaiff to ye harrolds but mar,
And gud reward he gart delyuer yaim yar.
Bot Jop knew weyll ye ſquier zong Sir Hew,
And tald Wallace, for he was euir trew;
Yan he cummand, yat yai ſuld ſone yaim tak,
Hymſelf began a ſayr cuſyng to mak.
Squier, he ſaid, ſen zow has ſenzeit armys,
On ye ſall fall ye fyrſt part of yair harmys,
Sampill to geyff till all yi fals natioune.
Apon ye hill he gert yaim ſet hym doune,
Straik off hys heid, or yai wald forthyr go.

To

To ye harrold ſaid ſyne withoutyn ho,
For yow art falſs till armys and maynſuorn,
Throuch yi chekks yi tong ſall be out ſchorn.
Quhen yat was doyn, yan to ye thrid ſaid he,
Armys to juge yow ſall neuir graithly ſe.
He gert a ſmyth, with hys turkas rycht yar,
Pow owt hys eyne, ſyne gaiff yaim leiff to far.
To zour fals king yi falow ſall zow leid,
With my anſuer turſs hym hys newois heid,
Yus far I drede ye king, and all hys boſt.
Hys dum falow led hym on to yair oft.
Quhen King Edwarde hys harrolds yus has ſeyne,
In propyr ire he wox ner wode for teyne,
Yat he nocht wyſt on quhat wyſs hym to wrek,
For ſorow almaiſt a word he mycht nocht ſpek.
A lang quhill he ſtud wrythand in a rage,
On loud he ſaid, yis is a fell owtrage,
Yis deid to Scotts full der it ſall be bocht;
Sa diſpitefull in warld was neuir wrocht.
Off yis regioune I think nocht for to gang,
Quhill tyme yat I ſall ſe yat rybald hang.
Latt I hym yus intill hys ſorow duell,
Off ye gud Scotts ſchortlye I will zow tell,
Furth fra hys men yat Wallace rakit rycht,
Till hym he tald Schyr Jhon Tynto ye knycht,
And leit hym witt, to weſy hymſelf wald ga
Ye Inglis oft, and bad hym tell na ma,
Quhateuir yai ſperyt, quhill yat he come agayne.
Wallace dyſgyſit yus bownyt our ye playne.
Betwix Cultir and Biggar as he paſt,

He

He was war quhar a werk man come faſt,
Dryfande a mere, and pychars he had to ſell.
Gud freind, he ſaid, in trewth will yow me tell,
With yis chaffar quhar paſſis yow treuly.
Till ony, ſchyr, quha likis for to by,
It is my crafft, and I wald ſell yaim fayne.
I will yaim by, ſa God me ſaiff fra payne;
Quhat pryce, latt her, I will tak yaim ilk ane.
Bot half a mark, for ſic pryſs haiff I tane.
Twenty ſhillings, Wallace ſaid, zow ſall haiff;
I will haiff mar, pychars and all ye laiff;
Yi gowne and hoiſs in haiſt you put off ſyne,
And mak a change, for I ſall geyff yow meyne,
And yi ald hud, becauſs it is thred bar.
Ye man wend weyll he had ſcornyt hym yar.
Do, tary nocht, it is ſuth I yow ſay.
Ye man keſt off hys febill weid off gray,
And Wallace hys, and payit ſiluer in hand.
Paſs on, he ſaid, yow art a proud merchand.
Ye goune and hoiſs in clay yat claggat was,
Ye hude hecklyt, and maid hym for to paſs.
Ye quhipe he tuk, ſyne furth ye mar can call,
Atour a bray ye omaſt pot ger fall,
Brak on ye ground. Ye man leuch at hys fair,
Bot you bewar, yow tynis off yi chaffair.
Ye ſone be yan was paſſit out of ſicht,
Ye day ourwent, and cummyn was ye nycht.
Amang Sothroune full beſely he paſt,
On oythir ſyde his eyne he gan to caſt,
Quhar lords lay, and had yair lugyng maid,

Ze

Ze kings palzone quharon ye libards baid,
Spyand full faſt, quhar awaill ſuld be,
And couth weyll luk and wynk, with ye ta e.
Sum ſcornyt hym, ſum gleid carll cald hym yar,
Agrewit yai war for yair harrolds mysfayr.
Sum ſperd at hym quhow ſald off ye beſt.
For fourty pens, he ſaid quhill yai may leſt.
Sum brak a pott, ſum pyrlyt at hys e.
Wallace fled owt, and prewele leit yaim be.
On till hys oſt agayne he paſt full rycht.
Hys men be yan had tane Tynto ye knycht,
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme gert bynd hym wondyr faſt,
For he wyſt weill he was with Wallace laſt.
Sum bad byrn hym, ſum hyng hym in a cord,
Yai ſuowr yat he had diſſawit yair lord.
Wallace be yis was entryt yaim amang,
Till hym he zeid, and wald nocht tary lang;
Syne he gert louſs hym off yai bands new,
And ſaid, he was bathe ſuffer, wyſs and trew.
To ſoup ſone yai bownd but mar abaid,
He tald to yaim quhat market he had maid,
And how yat he ye Sothroune ſaw full weill,
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme diſpleſſit was ſum deill,
And ſaid till hym, nucht Chyftanelik it was,
Throw wilfulnes, in ſic perell to paſs.
Wallace anſuerd, or we wyn Scotland fre,
Bathe ze and I in mor perell man be,
And mony oyir, ye quhilk full worthi is.
Now off a thing we do ſum part amiſs,
A litill ſlepe I wald fayne yat we had,

With

With zon men ſyne luk how we may us glaid.
Ye worthy Scotts tuk gud reſt quhill ner day,
Yan raiſs yai up, till ray ſone ordand yai,
Ye hill yai left, and till a playne is gayne,
Wallace hymſelf ye evangard he has tayne;
With hym was Boyd and Auchinlek but dreid,
With a thouſand off worthi men in weid.
Als mony ſyne in ye mydwart put he,
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme he gert yair ledar be;
With hym Adam zong lerd off Ricardtoune,
And Summerweill a ſquier off renoune.
The thrid thouſand in rerward he dycht,
Till Waltir gaiff off Newbyggyng ye knycht,
With hym Tynto yat douchty was in deid,
And Dawi ſon off Schyr Waltir to leid.
Behynd yaim ner ye fute men gert he be,
And bad yaim byd, quhill yai yair tyme mycht ſe;
Ze want wappynys and harnes in yis tyde,
Ye fyrſt cowntir ze may nocht weill abyde.
Wallace gart ſone ye chyftannis till hym call,
Yis charg he gaiff, for chance yat mycht befall,
Till tak no heid to ger, nor off pylage,
For yai will fle as wod men in a rage;
Wyne fyrſt ye men, ye gud ſyne ze may haiff,
Yan tak na tent off cowatyſs to craiff.
Throw cowatyſs ſum loſs's gud and lyff,
I cummand yow forber ſic in our ſtryff;
Luk yat yow ſaiff na lord, capteyne, or knycht,
For wyrſchipe wyrk, and for our eldrs rycht.
God blyſs us, may we in ſic wiage

Put

Put yir falſs folk out off our heretage.
Yan yai inclynd all with a gudly will,
Hys playne cummand yai hecht for to fullfill.
On ye gret oft yir partice faſt can draw.
Cummand to yaim, out off ye ſouth, yai ſaw
Thre hundreth men intill yair armour cler,
Ye gayneſt way to yaim approchyt ner.
Wallace ſaid ſone, yai war na Ingliſmen,
For by yis oft yai zeits weyll yai ken.
Thom Halyday yai men he gydyt rycht,
Off Aunadardaill he had yaim led yat nycht;
Hys twa gud ſonnes, Wallace and Rudyrfurd.
Wallace was blyth fra he had hard yair wourd,
So was ye laiff off hys gud chewalry.
Jardin yar come intill yar cumpany,
And Kyrkpatryk befor in Eſdaill was,
A weyng yai war in Wallace oft to paſs.
Ye Inglis wach yat nycht had beyne on ſteir,
Drew to yair oft rycht as ye day can per.
Wallace knew weill, for he befor had ſeyne,
Ye kings palzone, quhar it was buſkyt beyne.
Yan with rych horſs ye Scotts befor yaim raid,
Ye fyrſt counter ſa gret abayſing maid,
Yat all ye oft was ſtonyſt of yat ſycht,
Full mony ane derfly to dede was dycht;
Feill off yaim was as yan out off aray,
Ye mar haiſty and awfull was ye fray.
Ye noyis ruſchit throcht ſtraikis yat yai dang.
Ye rewmour raiſs ſo rudly yaim amang,
Yat all ye oft was yan in poynt to fle.

Ye wyſs lords, fra yai ye perell ſe,
Ye felloune fray all raſſyt was about,
And how yar king ſtud in ſa mekill dout,
Till hys palzone, how many thouſand ſocht,
Hym to reſkew be ony way yai mocht.
Ye Erle of Kent yat nycht had walkand beyne,
With fyfe thouſand men in armour cleyne;
About ye king full ſodanly yai gang,
And traiſts weyll ye failze was rycht ſtrang.
All Wallace folk in ryſs off wer was gud,
Into ye ſtour yan lychtyt quhar yai ſtud;
Quhameuir yai hyt, na harnes mycht yaim ſtint,
Fra yai on fute ſemblyt with ſuerds dynt;
Off manheid yai in harts cruell was,
Yai thocht to wyn, or neuir ynce to paſs;
Feill Inglifmen befor ye king yai flew.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme come with hys power new,
Amang ye oft, with ye midwart he raid,
Gret martyrdome on Sothroune men yai maid.
Ye rerward yan ſet on ſa hardely,
With Newbyggyn, and all ye chewalry;
Palzone rapys yai cuttyt into ſowndyr,
Borne to ye ground, and mony ſwourn owndir.
Ye fute men come, ye quhilk I ſpak off ayr,
On frayit folk ſet ſtrakis ſad and ſayr;
Yocht yai befor wantyt baith horſs and ger,
Anewch yai gat, quhat yai wald weill to wer.
Ye Scotts power yan all togyddir war,
Ye kings palzone brymly doun yai bar.
Ye Erle of Kent, with a gud ar in hand,

Into

Into ye ſtour full ſtoutly couth he ſtand
Befor ye king, makand full gret debait,
Quha beſt did yan, he had ye heaſt ſtait.
Ye felloune ſtour ſo ſtalwart was and ſtrang,
Yarto contened marwaluſly and lang.
Wallace hym ſaw, full ſadly couth perſew,
And at a ſtraik ye cheiff Chyfteyne he ſlew.
Ye Sothroune fled faſt, and durſt nocht byde,
Horſſit yair king and off ye feild couth ryde,
Agaynis hys will, for he was laith to fle,
Into yat tyme he thocht not for to de;
Off hys beſt men four thouſand yar was dede,
Or he couth fynd to fle and leiff yat ſtede;
Twenty thouſand with hym fled in a ſtaill.
Ye Scotts gat horſs, and folowit yat battaill,
Throuch Cultir-hope; or tyme yai wan ye hycht
Feill Sothroune folk was marryt in yair mycht,
Slayne be ye gait as yair king fled away.
Bath fair and brycht, and rycht cler was ye day,
Ye ſone ryſſyn, ſchynand our hill and daill;
Yan Wallace keſt quhat was hys gretteſt waill.
Ye fleand folk, yat off ye feild fyrſt paſt,
Into yair king agayne releiffit faſt.
Fra ayir ſyde ſo mony ſemblit yar,
Yat Wallace wald lat folow yaim na mar;
Befor he raid, gart hys folk turn agayne,
Off Ingliſmen ſewyn thouſand yar was flayne.
Yan Wallace oft agayne to Beggar raid,
Quhar Ingliſmen gret purwiance had maid.
Ye jowalre, as it was yiddir led,

Palzons and all yai leiffit quhan yai fled.
Ye Scotts gat gold, gud ger, and oyir wage,
Relewyt yai war, at partit yat pilage.
To meit yai went, with mirthis and plefance,
Yai fparyt nocht King Edwards purweance.
With folace fyne a litill fleyp yai ta,
A prewat wach he gart amang yai ga.
Twa kuks fell, yair lyffs for to faiff,
With dede corffys yat lay unputt in graiff;
Quhen yai faw weill ye Scotts war at reft,
Out off ye feild to fteill yaim thocht it beft;
Full law yai crap, quhill yai war out off fycht.
Eftre ye oft fyne ran in all yair mycht.
Quhen yat ye Scotts had flepyt bot a quhill,
Yan raifs yai up for Wallace dredyt gyll;
He faid to yaim, ye Sothroune may perfew
Agayne to us, for yai ar folks enew;
Quhar Inglifmen prowifioune maks in wer,
It is full hard to do yaim mekill der;
On yis playne feild we will yaim nocht abyde,
To fum gud ftrenth my purpofe is to ryde.
Ye purwiance, yat left was in yat ftede,
To Rops Bog he gert ferwands it lede,
With ordinance at Sothroune broucht it yar,
He with ye oft to Dawis fchaw can far,
And yar ramaynede a gret fpace off ye day.
Off Inglifmen zeit fumthing will I fay.
As King Edwarde throuch Cultir Hoppis focht,
Quhen he perfawit ye Scotts folowed nocht,
In Jhonys Greyne he gert ye oft ly ftill;

Feill fleand folk aſſemblyt ſone hym till.
Quhen yai war met, ye king ner worth is mad,
For hys der kyn yat he yar loſſyt had;
Hys twa eymes into ye feild was ſlayne,
Hys fecund ſon yat mekill was off mayne.
Hys broyir Hew was kelyt yar full cald,
Ye Erle of Kent, yat cruell Baroune bald,
With gret worſchipe tuk ded befor ye king,
For hym he mournyt, als lang as he mycht ryng.
At yis ſemblay as yai in ſorow ſtand,
Ye twa kukis come ſoon in at hys hand,
And tald to hym how yai eſchapyt war,
Ye Scotts all as ſwyne lyes drunkyn yar,
Off our wycht wyne ze gert us yidder led,
Full weyll we may be wengyt off yair ded;
Upon our lywis, it is ſuth yat we tell,
Raturne agayne, ze ſall fynd yaim yowrſell.
He blamyt yaim, and ſaid, na witt it was,
Yat he agayne for ſic a taill ſud paſs;
Yair Cheyſtane is rycht marwelus in wer,
Fra ſic perell he can full weyll yaim ber;
To ſek hym mar as now I will nocht ryde,
Our meit is loſt, yarfor we may nocht byde.
Ye hardy Duk off Longcaſtell and Lord,
Sowerane, he ſaid, till our counſaill accord;
Giff yis be trew, ze haiff ye mar awaill,
We may yaim wyn, and mak bot lycht trawaill;
War zone folk dede, quha may agayne us ſtand,
Yan neid we nocht for meit to leiff ye land.
Ye king anſuerd, I will nocht rid agayne,

As at yis tyme my purpoſs is in playne.
Ye Duk ſaid, giff ye contrar mycht be,
To mowff zow mor it affers nocht for me,
Commaund power agayne with me to wend,
And I off yis ſall ſe a finaill end.
Ten thouſand haill he chargyt for to ryde.
Her in yis ſtrenth all nycht I ſall yow byde,
We may get meitt off beſtiall in yis land,
Gud drynk as now we can nocht bryng to hand.
Off Weſtmorland ye lord had met hym yar,
On with ye Duk he graithit hym to fair;
At ye fyrſt ſtraik with yaim he had nocht beyne,
With hym he led a thouſand weill beſeyne.
A Pykart Lord was with a thouſand bowne,
Off King Edwarde he kepyt Calyſs toune.
Yis twelff thouſand on to ye feild can fair,
Ye twa captaynis ſone met yaim at Beggair,
With ye haill ſtuff off Roxburch and Berwike,
Schyr Rawff Gray ſaw at yai war Sotheroune lyke,
Out off ye ſouth approchyt to yair ſycht,
He knew full weill with yaim it was nocht rycht.
Amer Wallange with hys power come als,
King Edwards man a tyrand knycht and fals.
Quhen yai war mett yai fand nocht ells yar,
Bot dede corſſs and yai war ſpulȝiet bar;
Yan marueld yai qahar at ye Scotts ſuld be,
Off yaim about perance yai couth not ſe;
Bot ſpyis yaim tald, yat come with Schyr Amer;
In Dawis Schaw yai ſaw yaim mak repair.
Ye fers Sothroune ſone paſſyt to yat place;

Ye

Ye wach was war, and tald to Wallace;
He warnyſt ye oft out off yat toune to ryde,
In Joppis Bog he purpoſt for to byde.
A litill ſchaw upon ye ta ſyde was,
Yat men on fute mycht off ye Bog out paſs.
Yar horſs yai loſt into yat litill hauld.
On fute yai thocht ye moſs yat yai fuld hauld.
Ye Inglis oft had weill yair paſſage ſeyne,
And folowed faſt with cruel men and keyne;
Yai trewit yat Bog mycht mak yaim litill waill,
Growyn owr with reyſs, and all ye ſward was haill.
On yaim to ryd yai ordand in gret ire,
Off ye formeſt a thouſand in ye myre,
Off horſs with men, was plungyt in ye depe.
Ye Scottſmen tuk off yair cummyng gud kepe,
Upon yaim ſet with ſtraikis ſad and ſar,
Zeid nane away off all yat entryt yar;
Lycht men on fute upon yaim derfly dang,
Feill undyr horſs was ſmoryt in yat thrang,
Stampyt in moſs, and with rud horſs ourgayne.
Ye worthi Scotts ye dry land yan has tayne,
Apon ye laiff fechtand full wondyr faſt,
And mony groyme yai maid full ſar agaſt.
Yan Ingliſmen, yat beſy was in wer,
Aſſailzeit ſar yaim fra ye moſs to ber,
On ayir ſyd; bot yan it was no but,
Ye ſtrenth yai hald rycht awfully on fut,
Till men and horſs gaiff mony greuous wound,
Feyll to ye dede yai ſtrekit in yat ſtound.
Ye Pylart Lord aſſailzeit ſcharply yar,

Upon

Upon ye Grayme, with ſtraikis ſad and ſar.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme, with a ſtiff ſuerd of ſteill,
Hys brycht byrneis he perſyt euir ilk deill,
Throch all ye ſtuff, and ſtekit hym in yat ſted,
Yus off hys dynt ye bald Pykart is ded.
Ye Inglis oft tuk playne purpoſs to fle,
In yar turnyng ye Scotts gart mony de.
Wallace wald fayne at ye Wallang haiff beyne,
Off Weſtmorland ye Lord was yaim betweyne,
Wallace on hym he ſet ane awfull dynt,
Throch baſnet ſtuff, yat na ſteill mycht it ſtynt,
Derfly to dede he left hym in yat place,
Ye fals knycht yus eſchapyt throuch yis cace.
And Robert Boyd has with a captayne mett
Off Berwik, yan a ſad ſtraik on hym ſett
Awkwart ye crag, and kerwit ye piſſane,
Throuch all hys weid, in ſondyr ſtraik ye bane.
Feill horſſyt men fled faſt and durſt nocht byde,
Raboytyt ewill on to yar king yat tyde.
Ye Duk hym tald off all yair jornay haill,
Hys hert for ire bolnyt for byttir baill;
Haill he hecht he ſuld neuir London ſe,
On Wallace deid quhar he rewengyt be,
Or loſs hys men agayne as he did ayr;
Yus ſocht he ſouth with gret ſorow and cayr;
At ye Birkhill a litill tary maid,
Syne throuch ye land but reſt our Sulway raid.
Ye Scotts oft a nycht ramanyt ſtill,
Apon ye morn yai ſpoilziet, with gud will,
Ye dede corſſis, ſyne couth to Braidwode fayr,

At a cunſaill thre dayis ſoiornyt yar;
At foreſt kyrk a metyng ordand he,
Yai cheſd Wallace Scotts wardand to be,
Traiſtand he ſuld yair paynfull ſorow ceſs.
He reſawyt all yat wald cum till hys peſs.
Schyr Wilzham come yat Lord off Douglas was,
Forſuk Edwarde, at Wallace peſs can aſs;
In yair thrillage he wald na langar be,
Trewbut befor till Ingland payit he;
In contrar Scotts with yaim he neuir raid,
For bettir cher Wallace yarfor hym maid.
Yus tretyt he, and cheryſt wondyr fayr,
Trew Scotts men yat fewte maid hym yar,
And gaiff gretly feill guds at he wan,
He warndit nocht till na gud Scottſman.
Quha wald rebell, and gang contrar ye rycht,
He punyſt far, war he ſquier or knycht.
Yus marwalufly gud Wallace tuk on hand;
Lykly he was, rycht fayr and weill farrand,
Manly and ſtout, and yarto rycht liberall,
Pleſand and wyſs in all gud gouernall.
To ſla, forſuth, Sothroune he ſparyt nocht;
Till Scotts men full gret profit he wrocht.
Into ye ſouth ſone eftir paſſit he,
As hym thocht beſt he rewllyt yat cuntre.
Schirrais he maid yat cruell was to ken,
And Captayne als off wiſs trew Scotts men.
Fra Gamlis Peth ye land obeyt hym haill,
To Ur wattir, bath ſtrenth, foreſt and daill,
Agaynys hym in Galloway-houſe was nayne,

Except

Except Wigtoune, byggyt off lyme and ſtayne;
Yat Captayne hard ye reullis off Wallace,
Away be ſey, he ſtaw, out off yat place,
Lewyt all waiſt, and couth in Ingland wend;
Bot Wallace ſone a kepar till it ſend,
A gud ſquier and to nayme he was cald,
Adam Gordon, as ye ſtorie me tald.
A ſtrenth yar was on ye wattir of Cre,
Within a rock, rycht ſtalwart wrocht off tre;
A gait befor, mycht no man to it wyn
But ye conſent off yaim yat duelt within;
On ye bak ſyd a rock and wattir was,
A ſtrait entre forſuth it was to paſs.
To weſy it Wallace hymſelff ſone went,
Fra he it ſaw, he keſt in hys entent;
To wyn yat hauld he has chooſyne a gait,
Yat yai within ſuld mak litill debait.
Hys power haill he gert byd out off ſycht,
Bot thre with hym quhill tyme yat it was nycht;
Yan tuk he twa, quhen yat ye nycht was dym,
Stewyn off Irland, and Kerle yat couth clyme,
Ye wattir under, and clame ye rock ſo ſtrang,
Yus entrit yai ye Sothroune men amang.
Ye wach befor tuk na tent to yat ſyd.
Yir thre in feir ſone to ye port yai glyd.
Gud Wallace yan ſtraik ye portar hymſell,
Dede our ye rock into ye dyk he fell,
Leit doune ye brig, and blew hys horn on hycht.
Ye buſchment brak, and come in all yair mycht,
At yair awne will ſone entryt in yat place,

Till

Till Inglifmen yai did full litill grace;
Sexty yai flew, in yat hald was no ma,
Bot ane auld preift, and fempill wemen twa.
Gret purweance was in yat rock to fpend.
Wallace baid ftill quhill it was at ane end,
Brak doune ye ftrenth, bath bryg, and bulwark all,
Out owr ye rock yai gart ye temyr fall,
Undid ye gait, and wald na langar byde,
In Carrik fyne yai bownyt yaim to ryde,
Haiftyt yaim nocht, bot fobyrly couth fayr
Till Towrnbery; yat Captayne was off Ayr
With Lord Perfye, to tak hys cunfaill haill.
Syne fyrd ye zett na fuccour mycht awaill;
A preft yar was, and gentill wemen within,
Quhilk for ye fyr maid hiddewis noyis and din,
Mercy, yai cryit, for hym yat deit on tre.
Wallace gert flaik ye fyr, and leit yaim be;
To mak defens na ma was lewyt yar,
He yaim cummand out off ye land to far,
Spulzeit ye place, and fpilt all yat yai mocht,
Apon ye morn in Cumno fome yai focht;
To Laynryk fyne, and fett a tyme off Ayr,
Myfdours feill he gert be punyft yar.
To gud trew men he gaiff full mekill wage,
Hys broyir fone put to hys heretage.
To ye blak crag in Cumno paft agayne,
Hys houfhald fet with men off mekill mayne.
Thre monethis yar he duellyt in gud reft,
Suttell Sothroune fand weill it was ye beft,
Trewis to tak, for till enchew a chans,

To

To furyir yis yai ſend for Knycht Wallans;
Bothwell yat tratour kepyt ſtill,
And Ayr all haill was at ye Perſyes will,
Ye Byſchopc Beik in Glaſkow duellyt yar,
Throch gret ſupple off ye Captayne off Ayr.
Erle off Stamffurd, was Chanſlar off Ingland,
With Schyr Amar yis trawaill tuk on hand,
To procur peſs be ony maner off cace;
A ſaiff condyt yai purcheſt off Wallace.
In Ruglen kyrk ye traiſt yan haiff yai ſet,
A promes maid to meit Wallace but let.
Ye day off yis approchyt wondyr faſt,
Ye gret Chanſlar and Amar yidder paſt;
Syne Wallace come, and hys men weill beſeyne,
With hym fyfty arayit all in greyne;
Ilk ane off yaim a bow and arrowis bar,
And lang ſuerds, ye quhilk full ſcharply ſchar.
Into ye kyrk he gert a preyſt reweſs,
With hymyll mynd, rycht mek'y, hard a meſs;
Syne up he raiſs and till an alter went,
And hys gud men full cruell off entent.
In ir he grew ye traitour quhen he ſaw;
Ye Ingliſmen off hys face ſtud gret aw.
Witt rewllyt hym, yat he did no owtrage.
Ye Erle beheld faſt till hys hie curage,
Forthocht ſum part yat he come to yat place,
Gretlye abayſit for ye vult off hys face.
Schyr Amer ſaid, yis ſpech yow muſt begyne,
He will nocht bow to na part off yi kyne,
Sufferyt ze ar, I trow ze may ſpek weill,

For

For all Ingland he will nocht brek a deill
Hys faiff cundyt, or quhar he makis a band,
Ye Chanflar yan approfferit hym hys hand.
Wallace ftud ftill and couth na hands ta,
Frendfchipe to yaim na liknes wald he ma.
Schyr Amar faid, Wallace, ze undirftand,
Yis is a Lord, and Chanflar off Ingland,
To falufs hym ze may be propyr fkill.
With fchort awifs he maid anfuer hym till,
Sic falufyng joyfs till Inglifmen,
Sa fall he haiff, quhar euir I may hym ken
At my power, to God I mak a wow,
Out off Souerance giff I had hym now;
Bot for yi lyff, and all hys land fo braid,
I will nocht brek yis promefs yat is maid:
I had buir at my awne will haiff ze,
Without condyt, yat mycht wrokyne be
Off yi fals deid, yow dois in yis regioune,
Yan off pur gold a kings ranfoune;
Bot for my band as now I will lat be.
Chanflar fchaw furth quhat ze defyr off me.
Ye Chanflar faid, ye maift caufs off yis thing,
To procur pefs I am fend fra our King,
With ye gret feill, and woice off hys parliament,
Quhat I bynd her our barnage fall content.
Wallace anfuerd, our litill mynds we haiff,
Syne off our rycht ze occupy ye laiff,
Quyt cleyme our land and we fall nocht deny.
Ye Chanflar faid, off na fic chargs haiff I;
We will gyff gold, or our purpofs fuld faill.

Yan Wallace ſaid, in waiſt is yat trawaill,
Be fauour gold we aſk nayne off your kyn,
In wer off yow we tak yat we may wyn.
Abaiſſid he was to mak anſuer agayne.
Wallace ſaid, ſchyr, we jangill nocht in wayne,
My cunſaill gyffs, I will na fabill mak,
As for a zer, a finaill peſs to tak;
Not for myſelff, yat I bynd to your ſeill,
I can nocht trew yat euir ze will be leill,
Bot for pur folk gretlye has beyne ſuppreſſyt,
I will tak peſs, till further we be awiſyt.
Yan band yai yus, yar ſuld be no debait,
Caſtell and toune ſuld ſtand in yat ilk ſtat,
Fra yat day furth, quhill a zer war at end;
Sellyt yis peſs, and tuk yair leyff to wend.
Wallace fra ynce paſſit into ye weſt,
Maid playne repair quhar ſo hym lykit beſt;
Zet far he dred or yai ſuld hym diſſaiff.
Yis Endentour to Schyr Ranald he gaiff,
Hys der uncle, quhar it mycht kepyt be,
In Cumno ſyne till hys duellyng went he.

EXPLICIT LIBER SEXTUS
ET INCIPIT SEPTIMUS.

GLOSSARY.

*** The Manuſcript has been ſo exactly copied, that ſome Contractions appear, which the writer of the M. S. had made uſe of for his own conveniency; ſuch as,

at, for *that*, yhn, for *thine*. O, for *Oye*; ye, for *the*, *thee*. C, is frequently uſed for *S*; D, for *th*; ff, for *v*; o, for *Oo*, *u*; n, w, for *v*; z, for *y*, &c.

A.

A, *all*, *ah!*
Abowyn, *above*
Adill, *Atholl*. B. 7. v. 620
Agyt, *aged*
Allayne, *alone*
Als, *alſo*, *as*
Amange, *among*
Alay, *ally*
Ane our nowne, *one afternoon*
Angell hede, *angle head*
Annadyrdaill, *Annandale*
Aſpre, *aſper*, *ſharp*, *rugged*
At, *that*
At he aw, *that which he owed*
Aw, *owed*, *belongs to*
Ayk, *oak*
Ayle, *Faile*, *the vulgar name of a religious houſe in Air*
Ayr, *heir*

B

BAID, *abode*, *ſtayed*, B. 9. v. 546. "Yar and I baid;" viz. *three have I ſtayed*
Bald, *bold*
Ballingar, *a kind of ſhip*
Balzoune, *Baliol*
Bandoune, *bond*, *obligation*
Bar, *bare*, *naked*

Barnage, *Barons, baronage*
Bargane, *fight, contention*
Barrownys, *Barons*
Barrat, *hoſtile company*
Barrace, *bounds*
Baſnet, *helmet, head-piece*
Baſnat, *helmet*
Bayne, bane, *ready*
Bawk, baulk, *roof*
Bayle, *baleful*
Bears, *anceſtors*
Be, *by*
Bellamy, *warlike man*
Beggar, *Biggar*
Bertane, *Britain*
Beſt, *beaſt*
Bery-abbey, *Bury-abbey*
Beſtials, *engines for a ſiege*
Bikker, *haſty battle*
Birynefs, *burial*
Bet, *ſupplied*
Birneys, *barns*
Blaw, *a blow*
Blent, *blinked, looked*
Blefs, bleezes, *blaze, flame*
Boune, *ready prepared*
Bowis, *boughs*
Bowand, *bowing*
Borche, *to pledge, to pray*
Bodword, *meſſage*
Bouſtous, *great, formidable*
Bownit, bownyt, *went, tended, made ready*
Boyd, B. 7. v. 250, read *Byrd*
Bon, bane, *hurt, death*
Brukyt, *enjoyed*
Bradit, *forced*
Braithlye, *noiſy, bravely, valiantly*
Brokill, *frail, doubtful*
Brachell, *bratchell*
Bertymit, *periſhed*
Bot, but, *without*
Bryg, *bridge*
Bryme, *brim, fierce*
Brygeane Cruk, *Bridge-end-Crook*
Bran, *brain*
Botts, *boats*
Browis, *brows*
Brewyt, *brieved*
Brim, *brother*. B. 9. v. 596
Brazars, *bracelets, armour for the arms*
Buſkit, *prepared*
Bute, *advantage*
Burd, *board, table, plank*
Buſk, *buſh*. B. 3. v. 3 froyte buſk, *fruit buſh*

Burdeous, *Bourdeaux*
Burly, *large, rough, full*
But, *Isle of But*
Byrny, *corslet, hemlet*
Byrne, *burn*
Byrnand, *hot, burning*
Byrdyngs *burdens*
Byrnis, *corslets*

C

CAITF, *Cave*
Chefs, *chose*
Child, *boy, page*
Chirl, *strong man*
Chevryt, chevit, *atchieved*
Cefs, *to cease*
Cetown, *Seaton*
Chapyt, *escaped*
Caflies, cavillies, *lots*
Cornialis, *chronicles*
Condet, *conduct*
Corre, *currie*
Conschyrwyt, *conserved*
Couth, *could*
Cowart, *covert*
Conandly, *cunningly*
Courche, *kerchief, linen dress for the head*
Conquefs, *conquest*
Cordyt, *concorded*
Contre, *country*
Cornykle, *chronicle*
Crummale, *Cromarty*
Cragevyum, *Craigmyn.* B. 7. v. 64.
Cuk, cok, *centinel*
Crawis, *crabs*
Cunnel-bane, *collar-bone*
Cur, *cure*
Cultir-noppis, *Coltir-hope*
Cummerit, *encumbered*

D

DAIT, *time*
Dauch, daw, *lazy, idle*
Dede, *death*
Der, *injury*
Dewory, *devoir, duty*
Dipplyne, *Duplin near Perth*
Dern, *dark, concealed*
Deis, *desk, seat, table*
Deit, *died*
Derfly, *strongly*
Doure, *Dover*
Down, *Down Castle*
Drychyn, dreiching, *drawing, tarrying*
Dreich, *slowly, at a distance*
Durplin, *Duplin near Perth*

Dykis, *trenches*
Dyrk, *dark*

E

EFFER, *appearance*
Ellys, *elſe*
Erewyn, *Irvine*
Erſche, *Iriſh*
Etlyt, *aimed*
Eyme, *uncle*

F

FADRS, *fathers*
Fais, *foes*
Familiar, *of the ſame nation or kindred*
Fand, *found*
Far, *fair*
Faſteing, *a ſting or pole faſtened*
Faſſoun, *faſhion*
Fayis, *foes*
Faw, *fall*
Faggaldys, *faggots*
Feiſe. B. 9. v 1564 *ſurname of Lady Douglas*
"Feill at ze leid ſall erar loſs ye lyff." B. 7. v. 868, viz. *Many that you lead, ſhall earlier loſe the life*
Ferd, *fourth*
Ferdely, *fearfully*
Fey, *fatal, unfortunate, unhappy*
Fewtir, *in ranks*
Feid, *feud, hatred, quarrel*
Feill ſyſs, *many times*
Fewtir, *felt, became*
Feryt, *became*
Feld, *field*
Feill, *many*
Fevirzer, *February*
Fellaſt, *fierceſt*
Fellis, *fails*
Flytting, *removing*
Floryng, *florins*
Flothis, *floods*
Forrown, *forerun*
Foryours, *forragers*
Forſychan, *Torphichen*
Forrag, *forage, reconnoitre*
Forn, *food*
Foreſt Kirk, *Selkirk*
Foſtyr, *foſter, nouriſh*
Forſye, *for force*
Fra, *from*
Truſtir us, *fruſtrate*
Frekis, *ſports, whims*
Frekis, *light follows*
Frawart, *from, froward, fromward*

Fryſaill,

Fryſaill, Frazer, *a ſurname*
Freich, *to free*
Fygourt, *figured*
Fyfe, *five*
Fur, *fare, make uſe of.*

G

GA, *go*
Gadalos, *Gadalis*
"Gaddrys off ye gawdy ſer," B. 1c. v. 342, in a former printed edition, *Gadders of Gaudiſer*
Ganze, *javelin, arrow*
Gargownno, *Gargunnock*
Garraid, *Gerard*
Garth, *yard, incloſure*
Garmand, *ganand, fit, proper*
Gardoune, *juriſdiction*
Gart, *cauſed*
Ger, *accoutrements*
Gert on, *cauſed one*
Geyeler, *Jayler*
Gowlis, *gules, red*
Glowis, *gloves*
Glamrous, *clamorous*
Greis, *grey colour*
Grete, *grate* B. 7. v. 67
Gre, *degree*
Grathis, *clothes*
Gyrth, *gerth, refuge*
Gyllfland, *Guilderland*
Guana, Gyan, *Guienne.*

H

HABOUNDANLE, *abundantly*
Haddyr, *heath*
Haile, *whole*
Haboundyt, *abounded*
Halſe, *throat, neck*
Hara-pan, *ſkull*
Hard, *heard*
Harns, *brains*
Hathyngtown, *Haddington*
Haldyn, *holden, eſteemed*
Hals, *throat, neck*
He, *high*
Heith, *high*
Heaſt, *higheſt*
Her, *hair.* B. 7. v. 41
Herbyrge, *harbourage, retreat*
Her, *here*
Hewynnis, *heavens*
Hecht, *denominated*
Hangyt, *hanged*
Hint, *took*
Ho, *ſtop*
Howlat, *owl*
Hoo, *interruption*

Hyr, *heir*
Hydwyfs, *hideous, terrible*
Hynt, *pulled, lifted.*

I

IN, ufed for *and*, B. i. v. 112
Imbaffet, *ambaffador*
Inwey, *envy*
Innys, *inn*
Inlumyt, *illuminate*
Joppis-bog, B. 6. v. 705. *Roppis-bog*
Jowell, *jewel.*

K

KAMYSKYNETT, *abbey of Cambus Kenneth*
Kerwyt, *carved*
Keft, *caft*
Kingace, *Kincace*
Kneland, *furname of Cleland*
Kyll, *Kyle*
Kynrick, *kingdom*
Kyth, *Kythe, fhewed, appeared.*

L

LATT, let, *ftop, hinder*
Lattyn, *hindrance*
Lawit, *low*. B. 5. v. 156
Law, *low*
Lawte, *humblenefs*
Ledys, *Leeds*
Lemand, leme, *gleam, flame*
Lekle, *Leckie near Gargunnock, Stirling-fhire*
Ledaill, *Liddifdale*
Leryt, *learned*
Leit, *let*
Lewyng, living, *fuftenance*
Levir, levar, *rather*
Lewyfs, *leaves of trees*
Leythand, *fighing*
Lewit, levit, *allowed, granted*
Lewyn-houfe, *Lennox*. B. 11. v. 823.
Lieffe, *live, leave*
Licaym, *limbs.*
Longcaftle, *Lancafter*
Locklute, *locked*
Longcafchyr, *Lancafhire*
Lorn, *loft*
Lund, *London*
Lugit, *lodged*
Lundors, *Lundores-abbey*
Luff-burd, *loof-board*
Lyflat, *the very fame*
Lynt, *lint, flax.*

MA,

M

MA, *more*
Macht, *matcht*
Mar, *mayor*
Maſt, *moſt*
Mayne, *moan*
May, *more*
Matelent, *rage, great deſire*
Mayre, *Mary*
Mayre ſcheyne. B. 2. v. 336, *for the ſake of the glorious, or virgin Mary*
Maters, materis, *matrons, mothers*
Meſſan wode, *Methven wood*
Mernys, *Merns near Glaſgow*
Melle, *conteſt, battle*
Menys, *moans, complains*
Mete, *meet*
Mekill, *much*
Modyr, *mother*
Mony, *many*
Miſdears, *miſ-doers, evil-doers*
Mur, *demure*
Myſtred, *needed*

N

NERCH, *March.* B. 10 v. 101, Counteſs of March.
Neuo, *nephew*
Nounys, *nuns*
Noune, *noon*
Noyir, *neither.*

O

O, Oye, *grandchild*
Ochtell, *Ochill-hills*
Ogart, *terror*
Or, *before, ere*
Oft-ſyiſs, *oft-times*
Oſt, *hoſt*
Our-lord, *over-lord*
Outrage, *outrageous*
Our-heyde, *overtook*
Our, *over*
Oyir, *other*
Oychall, *Ochill-hills*
Oyſs, *uſe, cuſtom, practice.*

P

PALZEON, *tent*
Pape, *Pope*
Par, *impair*
Peſs, *peace*
Peill, *fort, caſtle*
Pepe, *Pope*

Purway,

Purway, *purvey*
Piſſand, *puiſſant, ſtrength*
Pout-ſtaff, *ſtrong ſtaff*
Poille, *Pole*
Propheſye out, B. 2. v. 169 in the printed editions. *A per ſe of*
Powed, *pulled*
Prynſnall, *principal*
Pute, *pity*
Pur no rik, *poor nor rich*
*** *No Engliſhman would deem them acting amiſs, poor nor rich.* B. 5. v. 378
Pyt, *to pity.*

R

RA, Rae, *a ſurname* B. 10. v. 454
Racunnyſs, *recognize*
Rang, range, *rank, order*
Rabutyt, rebutit, *repulſed*
Rapys, *ropes*
Ragment, *diſcourſe, collection, treaty*
Ray, *ſong of triumph, array*
Raw, *row, rank*
Rawllit, *ruled*
Ramuff, *remove*
Rede, reid, *counſel, read*
Reik, *ſmoke*
Reury, reevery, *robbery*
Rerd, *clamour, noiſe*
Rad, *afraid*
Rew, *repent, regret*
Roman, *Roman uſe.* B. 10. v. 1003, *Roman Church Service*
Rodds, *Rhodes Iſland*
Royd, *void.* B. 5. v. 77
Rouſchede, *ruſhed*
Rought, *attained*
Rok, *diſtaff*
Roy, *king*
Rouch-rowlyngs, *rulxions, brogues, or, open ſhoes untanned*
Rik, *rich*
Repende, *rampart*
Ruthly, *ſorely*
Ruff, *roof*
At Ruff, *under roof*
Ruwan, *Ruthven*
Rudyrfurd, *Rutherfurd*
Ryk, *kingly, kingdom*
Ryvirfurd, *Rutherford.*

S

SA, *ſo*
Saffir, *ſapphire*

Salk,

Salk, *ſake*
Salt, *a fault*
Sawely, *alone, ſolely*
Said, *to trouble, to make ſore*
Sawit, *ſaved*
Saw, *a ſaying, to declare;* B. 2. v. 304, "for awenture might ſaw," *as adventure might ſhew*
Salt, *aſſault*
Sanct Johnſtoune, *Perth*
Sanyt, *healed, ſaved*
Sanct Bois Hede, *St Bay's Head*
Sawcher, *Sanquhar*
Sey, *trial, proof, taſting*
Seſſoun, *ſeaſon*
Senzeit, *feigned.* B. 5. v. 926
Semle, *aſſembly*
Scy, *ſea*
Swyr, ſware, *the neck*
Sekar, *cut*
Seir, ſere, *ſore ſeveral, many*
Se, *ſee*
Serd, *ſerved*
Sily, *ſilly*
Sent, *ſend*
Sentryſs, gentrice, *gentility, generoſity*
Sellis, *cells*
Scroggy, *thorny, buſhy*
Schyff, ſchryve, *confeſs*
Senzie, *Signior, Lordſhip* B. 10. v. 139
Schot, *put forth, launched*
Schoys, *ſhoes*
Schaw, *a ſurname,* B. 6. v. 70
Schent, *ſent, confounded*
Scry ſone raiſs, "*the cry ſoon raiſe,*" B. 4. v. 671
Sembled, *aſſembled*
Scor, *twenty*
Scule, *School*
Scaithis, *hurts, injuries*
Sedane, *ſudden*
Serwis, *deſerves*
Sekar, *cut*
Schonkit, *ſhaked*
Scanſyt, *ſcanned*
Scrymmags, ſcrymage, *ſkirmiſh in ſport*
Scheyne, ſchene, *clean, ſhining, beautiful*
Seildyn, *ſeldom*
Semly, *handſome.*
Shaw, *a wood or grove*
Sitful, *ſorrowful*

Sekar, *ſure, certain*
Siyſs, *aſſize*
Sophammis, *ſophiſms*
Syng, *ſign*
Sone, *ſoon*
Soudly, *ſuddled*
Sperd, *aſked, enquired*
Souzhe, or ſouch, *noice*
Slonk, *Slough, ditch, marſhy ground*
Sleid, ſtaid, *den, valley*
Segs, *ſeges, men*
Sper, *ſpear*
Snell, *ſharp, keen*
Spayn, *ſpoon*
South-gait, *South-ſtreet*
Slewit, *ſlipped*, B. 7. v. 207
Slew fyre, *ſtruck fire*
Sowmir, *ſumpter horſe*
Souerty, *ſurety*
Stark, ſterk, *ſtrong*
Stragyll, *ſtraggle*
Se, *ſo*
Stynt, ſtint, *ſtop, delay*
Strowbill, *trouble, troubleſome*
Stewyn, ſteven, *mouth, voice, ſound*
Stewyn, *Steven*
Stall, *ſtole*
Staill, ſtale, *ſeparate party, ambuſh, ſecret place*
Stapill, *ſtable, ſure*
Stark, *ſtout*
Stikyt, *ſticked, ſtabbed*
Sle, *ſly*
Streſtly, *fully*
Stark, ſtur, *ſtout and brave*
Steide, ſtede, *place, condition*
Stuart, *ſteward*
Stelled, ſtolled, *ſtowed*
Swyth, *ſwift*
Suerd, *ſword*
Swa, *ſo*
Suete, *ſweat*
Swappyt, *ſnapped, drew*
Swak, ſwake, *a throw, ſhock*
Swyth, *quickly*
Syſe, ſeis, *poſſeſſion*
Swaket, *caſt*
Syn, *after*
Syn, *there, next*

T.

TA, *take*
Tawkand, *talking*
Tirandry, *tyranny*
Teyn, *ſorrow, hurt, anger*
Terand, *tyrant*

Thryllage,

Thre, *three*
Thryllage, *vassalage*
Thewittil, *whittle, short knife*
The, *thigh*
Thrusande, *burnished*
Tholyt, *suffered, endured*
Thigged, *begged*
Till *to, unto*
To, *too*
To is frequently used for *in*, as, Left ye lyff to wed, *left their life in wed.* B. 4. v. 6 3.
Tournberry, *Turnbury*
Topastone, *Topaz stone*
Towboth, *Prison*
Trastyt, *trusted*
Trewis it words tak, B. 3. v. 271. *It behoves us to take truce*
Tranontit, traventit, *marched suddenly*
Tre, *tree, timber*
Tythings, *tidings*
Turss, *be carried hastily*
Tynt, *lost*

V

UMQUHILL, *ere while, formerly*
Unruboytyt, unrebytyt, *unrepulsed*
Unsowerable, *insufferable*
Uss, *use*
Utass, *octaves.* B. 6. v. 1
Vikyt, *irked feared.*

W

WA, *sorrow, sorry*
Waith, waif, *goods found or unowned*
Wala, *valley*
Waite, *wote*
Waille, *vale*
Waitland, *chasing*
Wallis, *Wales*
War. *aware*
Warlage, *deed of valour*
Wull, *value*
Wappynys, *weapons*
Waurdyt, *amissing*
Waynys, *veins*
Wayre, *home. habitation*
Warnage or vernage, *domestic food*
Wasyit, *accursed*
War, *were*
Wanys, wanes, *places of abode*
Waverand wynd, *wavering wind*

Wageourss,

Wageourſs, *mercenaries*
Wer, *war, warlike expedition, wear*
Werray, *very*
Weſtermar, *farther weſt*
Wend, *to go*
Weild, *guide or manage*
Wenys, *thinkeſt*
Wedeis, *withes, twigs*
Wed, *pledge*
Weryte, *verity*
Wend, weened, *imagined*
Weildand weylle, *well as he could wiſh*
Wer, ver, *ſpring*
Weyne, ween, but weyne, *without doubt*
Weſche, *waſh*
Wicht, *valiant, ſtrong*
Wicke, *wrack, revenge*
Wittaill, *victual*
Wincuſt, *vanquiſhed*
" William Lang Douglace," *William Douglas Lang, &c.* B. 10. v. 1009
Wok, *walked*
Wower, *wowzer, woer*
Woo, *wo, ſorrowful*
Wowyn, *woven*
Wownnand, *winning, dwelling*
Worthit to weide, *became frantic*
Worthis, *waxes*
Worth, *grew, became*
Worthit, *waxed*
Wrokyn, *wreaked, avenged*
Wrandly, *like to ſwarm or flock*
Wycht, *with ſtrong*
Wyrking, *working.*

Y

YAN, *then, than,*
Ymage, *homage*
Yne action, B. 3. v. 363 informer editions "*thine nation.*"
Yocht, *thought*
Yrage, *Iriſh*
Yrk, irk, *fear, wearineſs.*

Z

ZA, *yea yes*
Zeid, *went*
Zett, *yet gate, door*
Zhetts, *yetts gates*
Zuheyll, *wheel.*

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

DL JAN 1 8 2001

3 1158 00920 0634

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

B 000 000 259 2